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The Week

ON March 20 the Spanish civil war entered a new period when, at long last, the Powers coöperating in the non-intervention agreement began a blockade and border control to prevent the receipt of troops or war supplies by either faction. . . . Only a few days before, the British Labor Party, at last awakening to the supineness of the Baldwin government before fascist challenges, moved a vote of censure for failure to protect British shipping against Franco's illegal blockade of Bilbao. Of course they lost in the House of Commons, but probably won support throughout the country. . . . The French Socialist Party squelched its left wing, which had been attacking the Blum government for failure to aid the Spanish loyalists and for its reluctance to adopt more fundamental economic measures at home. . . . A struggle between fascists and anti-fascists in Rumania was masked under the quarrel between King Carol and his brother Nicholas, who was rebuffed and threatened with exile for insisting upon noble rank for his commoner wife. Meanwhile the fascist forces supporting Nicholas attacked Carol's Madame Lupescu. . . . Rumors of negotiations looking toward general European settlement continued. Premier van Zeeland of Belgium, with the prestige of his smashing election victory over the Rexists, was now looked upon as the intermediary. At the same time, however, hopes were raised by a talk between the pacifistic British Laborite George Lansbury and Hitler, on the subject of a conference for general disarmament and economic adjustment. It is doubtful, however, whether such a development is yet possible.

IN THE United States, the center of interest shifted from the Supreme Court controversy and labor troubles to worry about the budget. Though demands for relief and other expenditures do not seem to be abating rapidly, income-tax collections are falling below expectations, and another big deficit is in prospect. Both President and Congress wish to avoid this without increasing tax rates, and a further cut in relief is in prospect. . . . A federal circuit court in Massachusetts declared the Social Security Act unconstitutional; we probably shall not have the Supreme Court's word on this question until next winter, and in the meantime the administration of the whole measure is imperiled. . . . General Motors, using Premier Hepburn of Ontario as a cat's-paw, continued to refuse to grant the workers in its Oshawa plant the union recognition which motor workers have won in the United States; the local union rejected a proffered settlement which did not include this recognition. . . . The House of Representatives passed the federal anti-lynching law, which still has to go through the Senate. . . . Demands continued from anti-union sources for legislation restricting strikes and regulating unions, now that the Wagner Act is upheld and unions have won the legal right to exist; Secretary Perkins called a conference of leading industrial executives and labor officials to discuss a policy of industrial peace. . . . Prices of minerals and commodities suffered a sudden drop because speculators for the rise had over-

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extended their positions; war in Europe looked less likely, bumper crops of wheat and cotton were in prospect, and production began to catch up with demand in other lines.

TWO recent events have somewhat dissipated the first impression that the Supreme Court decision on the Wagner labor-relations law does away with the need to refashion the Court. Secretary Wallace has pointed out that though manufacturing is now brought sufficiently within the Commerce Clause of the Constitution to make possible federal legislation about labor relations, agriculture is still left so far outside it that crop control of the sort authorized under the AAA is invalid. Thus the farmer suffers discrimination as compared with the industrial worker. Nobody knows whether the Court would now shift its attitude about the AAA, or even whether it would uphold the new Soil Conservation Act. The second event is the decision of a federal circuit court in Massachusetts holding that the Social Security Act is unconstitutional because, by its attempted influence on state legislation via the taxation route, it invades the powers of the states. This is the very court that first invalidated the AAA in the Hoosac Mills case, and for a similar reason. Will the Supreme Court follow it in this case also? Concerning the wisdom of certain specific provisions in the AAA we have grave doubts, and still graver ones concerning the details of the Social Security Act. But that Congress ought to have the right to legislate in such fields—even though at times it may legislate unwisely—we have no doubt whatever.

ALTHOUGH income-tax collections in the first quarter of 1937 were greatly increased over those of the same period in 1936, they still fell short of estimates, and it is now feared that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, the tax receipts of the federal government will be about $500,000,000 less than was budgeted. This would make impossible a balance of the budget in the next fiscal year, as the President had hoped. It has been proposed that expenditures be cut about $250,000,000 below what had been contemplated, taking $100,000,000 away from relief and saving $150,000,000 in other government departments. Even with this slash, we must wait for 1939 before income equals outgo. Contemplated expenditures on relief have already been slashed considerably below those of last year, and we doubt whether further cuts can be made without real hardship for many of those who still cannot find jobs. It is of course imperative that the budget be balanced promptly, in view of business recovery, and that we begin to develop a surplus to retire the debt. But there are better ways to do this than by forgoing really necessary relief. One is to increase income taxes, probably by lowering the exemption, as has long been proposed by Senator La Follette. The other is to stop trying to vie with the nations of Europe in their present armaments race. We already have one of the largest and most expensive navies in the world, a far more powerful one than is needed for defense.

SIGNS of strain have long been evident in the People's Front in France. Difficulties have been created partly by the serious economic situation, which was not repaired by devaluation of the franc, and to a far greater extent by Premier Blum's policy toward Spain. Blum, so far as possible, has adopted the British attitude of neutrality—under what pressure from London, one can readily guess. Left elements in the People's Front, including some members of his own Socialist Party, have demanded support of the democratic government of Spain. The tension has now grown so severe that on April 18, the National Council of the Socialist Party debated the possible expulsion of the Left Revolutionary group headed by Marceau Pivert. The real test, of course, will come with developments in the Spanish civil war under the munitions blockade, which, in theory, went into effect April 20. If Germany and Italy continue to violate their solemn pledges, as in the past, and supply men and munitions to Franco, and if as a result the tide of war should again turn in his favor, almost anything may happen in France, including the dissolution of the People's Front and its reorganization with Blum and the conservative wing of the Socialist Party left out.

THE strike of the General Motors employees at Oshawa, Canada, had not been settled as this issue of The New Republic went to press. The sole serious dispute was still whether the men should be affiliated with the United Automobile Workers of America and its parent body, the Committee for Industrial Organization. Premier Hepburn of Ontario continued to breathe loud defiance, saying he would never consent to having Canadian labor dominated by "foreign agitators" from the United States. The Premier, however, has no objection to having Canadian labor dominated by foreign capital from the United States; in fact, he is obviously trying to make Ontario an open-shop paradise with the hope of attracting across the border large additional units of American industry. He ignores the fact that organized labor in Canada is in general affiliated with international unions and that in the past, American officials of such unions have habitually taken part in negotiations with Canadian employers. The Premier is being abetted by the General Motors Corporation, which owns the Canadian plants. Homer Martin of the UAWA says that the agreement made in Detroit a few weeks ago was supposed to cover all General Motors plants in Canada as well as in the United States. Mr. Hepburn obviously hopes to emerge as a national figure by preventing effective unionization of the automobile workers in Ontario, but he is just as likely to destroy his career. As for General Motors, it apparently has not yet realized, despite the many millions of dollars it has lost, that satisfied workers are a better business asset than those suffering from a grievance.

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WHAT might appear to be a musical-comedy crisis in Rumania, with two royal brothers quarreling over their respective gals, actually has grave political implications. The anti-Semitic Iron Guard has an avowed ambition to convert the government into a fascist-militarist dictatorship and has used the Jewish ancestry of King Carol's friend, Mme. Lupescu, as an excuse for covert attacks upon the throne. It now appears that Prince Nicholas has allied himself with the Iron Guard in a plot to dethrone Carol and install Nicholas either as king in his own right or as regent for the Crown Prince Mihai. This plot has not been brought into the open, however, and King Carol continued to use the domestic-relations terminology as he deprived his brother of rank and title on the ostensible ground that Nicholas had demanded royal status for his commoner wife. There is good evidence that the Iron Guard is urging Prince Nicholas to defy his expulsion from the royal family, and the extremists in the Guard are prepared to precipitate a civil war if necessary. In this crisis the major elements favoring a parliamentary government, including peasants, socialists and conservatives, are rallying behind King Carol, but the formidable military strength of the Iron Guard and its seeming readiness to resort to violence on the slightest pretext make the danger of an explosion a very real one.

A SERIOUS break occurred on April 18 in the ranks of the American subcommission of the commission of inquiry into the guilt or innocence of Leon Trotsky in connection with the recent Moscow trials, which has been conducting a preliminary investigation in Mexico City. Carleton Beals, a well known American writer, resigned from the subcommission. He issued a statement pointing out that he passes no judgment on Trotsky's guilt or innocence, but he objected to what he considered the partiality of the other members of the subcommission toward Trotsky. He uses such phrases as "intolerable," "hushed adoration," "long-winded and meaningless examination," "sweet platitudes" and says the subcommission is "eaten with the termites of partiality." It is of course far too early to attempt a general judgment on the character of the work done by the subcommission, headed by Dr. John Dewey. It is not too early to say, however, that Mr. Beals's resignation has without doubt somewhat impaired the usefulness of the committee's work, in so far as its findings will be offered before the bar of public opinion as the result of an impartial and exhaustive inquiry.

AT Duck Hill, Mississippi, there occurred last week one of the worst lynchings of recent years—if, indeed, one lynching can be said to be worse than another. Two Negroes, accused of robbing and murdering a country storekeeper three and a half months ago, were tied to trees, and blow-torches applied to their flesh. Not unnaturally, they thereupon "confessed" and their bodies were riddled with bullets. Two days later, the national House of Representatives passed the Gavagan anti-lynching bill. The affair at Duck Hill may have had something to do with the vote, but this is far from certain; the Representatives divided on geographical lines, the entire Southern delegation being opposed, except Representative Maury Maverick. Washington correspondents expect the bill to be defeated in the Senate, in which the South is heavily overrepresented in terms of the national population. The Gavagan bill would make it a federal offense for peace officers to yield their prisoners to a mob. The family of a victim could bring suit for damages against the county. Local prosecuting officials who failed to act after a lynching could be tried for a federal offense. If these local officers failed to act within thirty days, federal prosecution would be possible against the actual members of the mob. There is, of course, no automatic guarantee that lynching would come to an end if the bill becomes law. Nevertheless, there is substantial evidence that a federal statute would have a beneficial effect; this is shown by experience under similar statewide laws and by the reduced number of lynchings during the time when a federal measure has, in the past, received even serious consideration.

THE pure-food and drug bill, which recently passed the United States Senate, is about to begin its stormy path through the House. The Senate bill is weak and ineffective in many particulars; this was seen to by the numerous and loyal friends of the patent-medicine business and various food industries, in the upper house. We wish we could report confidently that it will be strengthened in the lower chamber, but there is no basis for optimism. An excellent bill has been prepared by Representative Virgil Chapman of Kentucky, which might well be combined with the existing Copeland bill, but this is unlikely unless public opinion suddenly becomes about twenty times as vocal as it has been in the past. Meanwhile, we should like to correct two errors that appeared in our discussion of the Copeland bill in The New Republic of March 24. At the last moment before the Senate passed the bill, the word "material" was taken out of the clause to which we objected, which made advertising statements illegal only if they were "false in any material particular." Our observation that control of dishonest advertising would lie with the Federal Trade Commission also needs qualification. The Copeland bill, by failing to make any alternative provision, would give the FTC control as regards unfair competition through false advertising, but the Food and Drug Administration would have authority under the bill to protect the general interest of the consumer.

WE ARE glad to report that a number of state legislatures have recently taken steps to improve the finances and extend the facilities of the public libraries in their states. As we pointed out in our issue of January 6, some system of state aid seems

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the best solution of the financial difficulties now confronting most libraries throughout the country. Arkansas has made an appropriation of $100,000 for the biennium, of which $40,000 is to go toward reëstablishing the work of the state library commission and $60,000 for direct aid to county libraries. Vermont has set up a library commission to replace the present division of the department of education and has added $25,000 to the regular appropriation to set up five regional centers for library service. Idaho appropriated $28,000, more than double the former figure, and will establish the first units of a regional library system as well as what will eventually be a statewide free traveling-library service. New and elaborate quarters for the state library of Oregon are provided for in the building program recently adopted in that state and the regular appropriation was increased from $94,000 to $105,000. Ohio, which already had appropriated $100,000 for a statewide program, is now actively extending service to rural areas and is trying several regional experiments. After the legislature in Washington had appropriated $400,000 for state aid, the Governor vetoed the bill, but the regular appropriation was increased from $18,000 to $36,000.

THOSE new murals in the House lounge of the Capitol at Jefferson City, Missouri, continue to disturb the state legislators. Nearly every panel exposes a theme so shocking to many a citizen that he calls for the whitewash. At the same time he scolds the legislature for having authorized the work and the artist, Thomas Hart Benton, for having outraged the pride of his native state. For this citizen had expected nobler things. Yet all is not protest. Other Missourians uphold the pictures, declaring them truly, if daringly, expressive of their social history. On every front the war seems as fresh as it was three months ago. The painter had specified in his contract that no commission should have authority to censor his murals. In one of them Jesse James, Missouri's half-legendary "Robin Hood," is shown holding up a train. Boss Pendergast of Kansas City and two-thirds of the state appears in another panel giving orders. There is a scene from the "Frankie and Johnny" ballad. Representing pioneer commerce, a shrewd trader takes furs from a thirsty Indian for a little firewater. An occidental Geisha dances in the near-nude, presumably before a business group relaxing after hours. Even the Missouri mother and child Mr. Benton refuses to prettify; the mother is changing the baby's diapers.

STUDENTS of torture methods will find a visit to the new county workhouse at Chattanooga, Tennessee, extremely profitable. Some curious human mind has devised, and other curious human minds have erected, what is being proudly hailed as the very latest style in dungeons. It looks something like a mechanical refrigerator—and also like a gravestone—and it has been called a "cooler." Ten feet high and four feet wide, it is punctured with nine holes. These admit air, presumably just enough to keep the inmate alive, but no light. The prisoner cannot sit down or rest in any way. He must stand, even when eating the food that is pushed in through a small trap door at the bottom of the chamber. Since torture has again become one of the living arts, as it was during the ages it pleases us to call dark, the invention of the "cooler" is too important an event to pass unnoticed. We congratulate the obscure and unknown inventor—and we also congratulate the builder: the sovereign state of Tennessee.

What Britain Wants in Spain

AT LAST the European Powers are making a serious attempt to enforce their hitherto farcical non-intervention agreement by a naval blockade and a border patrol about Spain. With this action the Spanish civil war enters a new phase. We ought now to take a look forward and backward, with special reference to the policy of the United States. There have been rumors that this country, perhaps with Latin American coöperation, will be called upon to make a peace offer and mediate between the Spanish combatants. Before we are drawn into any such move, we ought to know exactly what we are doing.

From the beginning of the affair, our policy in relation to the Spanish war, like that of France, has been completely dependent upon that of the British government. It is therefore important to know what the British government is seeking. Ostensibly, it has been concerned about the danger of a general European conflict arising from foreign partisanship with one or the other of the two contending forces. This fear has brought support both to it and to the governments of France and the United States in following its lead, even from a majority of those who naturally sympathize with the constitutional democracy of Spain. Adherents of democracy are hostile to war, and justly fear it. They want the Spanish loyalists to win, but not at the cost of a European conflagration.

Nevertheless it is a practical certainty that the Conservative Cabinet of Great Britain, however much it may have been concerned about the danger of a general war, has also had another leading motive in Spain. Unlike its pacifist and democratic followers at home and abroad, it has not wanted the Spanish government to win. It fears the advance of social democracy anywhere in the world just as much as it fears the advance of fascism, if not more. Its imperial concerns, to be sure, would lead it to dislike the establishment of either German or Italian power on the Iberian Peninsula, but its deepest prejudices would equally oppose the strengthening there of the influence of Soviet Russia, or even of a completely native brand of government with a socialist tendency.

For months, therefore, Britain has been shaping her policy to favor a stalemate in the hostilities, and

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her plans are laid to bring about an end to the hostilities by a "peace without victory." She intends to use to this end a general horror at the slaughter and fratricidal strife which are going on, but her purpose will be the establishment of a moderate government in which neither the Left nor the Right of Spain will be dominant, under a monarchy or a capitalistic republic with a president like Salvador de Madariaga. Such a government could endure only with Britain's financial and moral support, and the Conservatives hope thus to supplant the influence of Italy or Germany on the one hand, or of Soviet Russia and a leftward-looking France on the other, with that of imperial Britain.

The attitude of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet from the very beginning fits this aim much more closely than it does the aim of safeguarding general peace. When the revolt first broke out, the lack of immediate success would have assured prompt suppression of the rebellion if the Spanish government had received the support to which it was entitled under international law and which almost any other established government would have received as a matter of course. Both custom and law under such circumstances dictated that the government should be able to buy all the arms, munitions and supplies it could afford, while friendly nations would at least refrain from aiding the military rebels. This was the course that France was eager to take. She was restrained by Great Britain. Meanwhile neither Italy nor Germany nor Portugal (a nation under direct British influence) was prevented from aiding the rebels to its heart's content. All this was countenanced on the plea that the situation was so dangerous to European peace that neutrality between the government and rebels was necessary. Nevertheless if Britain and France had exercised their rights, none of the fascist powers would have dared to oppose them, the Spanish struggle would have been more quickly ended, and a real danger to European peace would never have arisen.

Once the non-intervention policy was embarked upon, it was obvious that it would receive only lip-service from Germany and Italy unless it was drastically enforced by Britain and France. A proposal to enforce it originated in England, and was ably supported by The London Economist. The British government, however, declined to act on this proposal, and as long as it could it kept up the pretense that the agreement was being observed. Finally it was challenged by the Soviet Union, which declared that if the agreement were not enforced, it would regard itself as freed from any obligation. Still no enforcement was provided for, and substantial aid began to flow from Russia to the loyalists. For this the Soviet government was denounced by the British delegate on the non-intervention committee in terms far more bitter than were applied to Germany and Italy. So the war continued for months, with both sides receiving foreign assistance.

As soon as the Spanish government began to evince a marked superiority on the field of action, Britain at last came around to the policy of blockade to compel actual non-intervention. She did so, however, with the frank admission that she expected a military stalemate and with broad hints that she was working toward a negotiated peace. On the very eve of the imposition of the border control, she declined to challenge General Franco's illegal blockade, which was keeping permitted food supplies from reaching loyalist Bilbao. Not only did she do this, but she abetted Franco by warning British merchantmen against trying to enter that port. This at last awoke the British Labor Party and brought a storm of protest in the House of Commons.

The evidence all points to the conclusion that, while pretending to be motivated by a desire for peace, Britain has actually been conspiring to bolster Franco in the interest of a Spanish stalemate and a political settlement which she desires. In so doing she has prolonged the war. Will her policy now be crowned by success, however, through a negotiated settlement? All competent observers testify that this is impossible. Bitter civil wars do not end without the exhaustion and defeat of one party or the other. Either the Spanish government will go on until it wins, or it will be defeated by the Spanish reactionaries, with the aid of Germany and Italy. If the Spanish government wins, the future peace of Europe will be safeguarded by a strengthening of the forces opposed to fascist aggression. If it does not win, fascist aggressors will be encouraged everywhere, and the peace of Europe will be in greater danger than ever.

The British policy is based upon a delusion; it is criminally dangerous. It is high time that the United States government, at least, should become aware of the situation, and refuse any longer to be tied to Mr. Baldwin's apron strings. Let him try his own mediation, if that is his desire. But let us not abet him any more than we have already done in a policy the only practical effects of which must continue to be the prolongation of Spanish slaughter, the encouragement of the aggressive powers in Europe and a heightened danger to peace and democracy everywhere.

A Worm's-Eye View of Relief

MANY PEOPLE have been mystified by the fact that although business is now back somewhere near the 1929 level, there are still about 4,500,000 persons obtaining relief of various sorts and probably something like 10,000,000 unemployed (no one knows exactly, the federal government having steadfastly refused to find out the actual figures). A small survey recently made in New Britain, Connecticut, throws some light on the general situation.

The Connecticut Emergency Relief Commission analyzed 527 local cases drawn from relief rolls. PWA workers were not included and those in the

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WPA only if they were receiving supplementary direct relief. The investigators found, as might be expected, that those who were or had been on relief had less education than the average for the whole population and that those subsequently reëmployed had more than those still unable to find a job. They discovered that poor health was an important factor in the predicament of the relief clients, becoming more serious as you go down the scale toward the hopeless unemployables.

The employment opportunity in New Britain, which is almost wholly an industrial town, is now practically at the pre-depression level, even allowing for the normal growth in population. Nevertheless, only 70 percent of the employables had jobs when the study was made last August, and if the percentage had been 100, the relief burden would have been reduced only 40 percent. Insistence of employers on young workers was not a factor in the cases studied. While bad health was important, the report does not attempt to say whether it results from the characteristic life of industrial workers or from other causes.

Three chief conclusions may be drawn from the cautious understatements of the noncommittal document: first, long continued lack of work does break down the morale of the unemployed person and his family; second, the earliest to be dismissed in depression are those regarded by the employer, for one reason or another, as least desirable, and therefore they are the last to get work again—if, indeed, they ever get it; and third, the going level of wages in private industry in New Britain (which seems to be a fairly typical town) is low: the level is indeed so low that even with one or more breadwinners, a substantial part of the working population still requires and obtains supplementary relief in varying amounts.

American Scholars and Göttingen

WHEN Heidelberg University celebrated its five hundred and fiftieth anniversary, a year ago, many American institutions of higher learning were invited to send delegates, and a number of them did so. These foreign visitors were forced to sit through an orgy of self-glorification by Nazi orators who proudly boasted that German universities are no longer devoted to truth, but only to Nazi truth.

Now the University of Göttingen is similarly celebrating its bicentenary, and again invitations are being sent to colleges throughout the world. Seven American institutions have already accepted, including the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Pennsylvania, Haverford, Ohio State, Alabama, Wittenberg College and the University of Idaho. Eleven others have given encouraging replies, including Syracuse and the Universities of Kansas and Missouri. Refusals have been received from the College of the City of New York, Dartmouth, Virginia, the Carnegie Institute of Technology and the Universities of New Hampshire and Vermont. Only two British institutions have accepted thus far: London and Durham. No answer has been received from Oxford, and according to The New York Times, Cambridge has made a reply that amounted to a rebuke to Göttingen for extending the invitation.

Everyone knows, of course, that academic freedom has been obliterated under Hitler. At Göttingen, one-half the members of the faculty have left, for one reason or another, since the Nazis came to power. Thirteen Jewish instructors were dismissed under the new national law. The university authorities insist that no member of the faculty has been punished for his political beliefs, that the amazingly large turnover in personnel has been caused by retirement for age, or by resignations of men who were offered better positions elsewhere. Whether this is or isn't technically true, it is not an accurate picture of the situation. The fact is that neither at Göttingen nor any other institution in Germany is any college instructor permitted to hold his place unless he is wholly servile to the Nazi regime.

We can imagine the arguments with which some American university authorities have justified accepting invitations like those of Heidelberg and Göttingen. No doubt they have said that acceptance was a routine courtesy, that it did not imply endorsement of the Nazi philosophy, perhaps even that by keeping up contacts with German universities, institutions in other parts of the world may help to moderate the excesses of the present regime in Germany.

But such arguments must be fallacious. Within Germany, and to a large extent in other countries, participation in these university celebrations is interpreted as support for a government and a philosophy that are opposed to every legitimate ideal of modern scholarship.

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Rebel India

The Struggle for Effective Independence

HISTORY will say, when it records contemporary events in India, that destiny fulfilled itself with punctual and implacable logic. The new Constitution has just come into operation, and already over the greater part of the Peninsula it is a dead letter. The nation refuses to work it. What else could one expect? The British government prepared the mind of this people to receive its gift by two years of intensive coercion. It would discuss the details of the new settlement only with hand-picked delegates of its own choosing. It marched on, even when the moderates on whom it relied disavowed its work. In short, it imposed this constitution on a protesting people. Today it reaps what it has sown.

The English press as a whole affects surprise. It had not expected that the Indian National Congress could carry six provinces, for it has always regarded this party as an extremist minority, which it contrasted with "the real India," loyal at heart. Nor had it anticipated from the Congress, after its victory, an uncompromising attitude. These were not unreasonable mistakes. The long period of coercion, the most ruthless and efficient performance of its kind since the Mutiny, did in fact reduce this people to hopeless apathy. The Congress abandoned all its methods of pacific militancy and relapsed into constitutional correctitude. There is little doubt that Mr. Gandhi wished to work the Constitution, if that could be done without loss of self-respect. The Congress, like every big party, has among its older and wealthier adherents its fringe of office-seekers. To dispense patronage would have been a pleasant change after imprisonment and martyrdom. Idealists, moreover, could argue, plausibly enough, that office would bring the chance to enact many urgent social reforms. On such calculations the British government had relied, when it decided to ignore the criticisms that every Indian party, and not the Congress alone, levied at this constitution. These were directed mainly at the federal charters, but Sir Samuel Hoare had made the Federal Legislature proof against capture by any popular party. The provincial legislatures might be stormed, but the provinces had been granted more than a show of self-government—enough to tempt the average politician to compromise. The plan, in short, was devised with cynical sagacity.

It has failed, first of all, because the Congress scored an astonishing victory. The odds were heavily against it. The franchise, even in the provinces, though it has been widened, still excludes the mass of the poorer workers and peasants. Every minority was overrepresented on a systematic plan: property (meaning chambers of commerce and landlords) had with the Europeans its special representatives who far outnumbered those assigned to labor. Electioneering had to be conducted under restrictions that leave only a vestige of free speech and a free press. Many of the leaders of the Congress were disqualified as candidates because they had served terms of imprisonment during the period of civil disobedience. In spite of these handicaps the Congress won an absolute majority in six provinces, emerged as the leading party in three more and did poorly only in two. It controls an immense area, stretching over the whole interior of India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin: its hold weakens only at the western and eastern extremities. When the actual votes cast are obtainable, it is fairly certain that the Congress will be found to have a majority over British India as a whole. There are, moreover, other parties and groups that differ from its position only by some nuance of opinion.

The manifesto on which the Congress went to the country called for the total and uncompromising rejection of the new Constitution. A program of moderate social reforms (eight-hour day, compulsory elementary education and the like) was included, but the main positive proposal was the calling of a constituent assembly, based on universal suffrage, at which Indians should themselves build the framework of their future national life. An electoral victory for this platform under these conditions can have only one meaning. India lives under a constitution imposed on her against her will. It has no sanction save the tanks and bombing planes of the Imperial Power.

Several alternative courses were debated by the Congress after its victory. Its left wing, organized by the Socialist group that looks to the President, Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, as its leader, was for a flat refusal to accept office. This seemed to be the logical consequence of the Manifesto. If one rejects a constitution, one does not consent to work it, submitting tamely to all its vetoes and restrictions. In six provinces the Congress has the ability to render its normal operation impossible. The Governor can of course nominate a ministry of tame moderates, but he can get his budget and other urgent legislation only by using his emergency powers of certification. "Better," argued the left wing, "a clear situation than acquiescence in a sham of self-government. If over the greater part of India the people refuse to submit to a fraud, it will, sooner or later, drive the Empire to honest concessions." This is the attitude of revolutionary nationalism, which means

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to reshape the whole social structure of India and is not deeply interested in changing the color of the official persons who preside over its subhuman poverty.

A few proposed to accept office in order to wreck the Constitution from within. The main body, however, wished to take office. Its motives were mixed. Some had a weakness for the sweets of power, which under this constitution are not negligible. Some of the provinces are almost as big and populous as the leading states of Western Europe, and Ministers have much patronage to bestow. Others argued that if the proffered provincial autonomy be a sham, it would be wise to dissipate illusions by giving it a fair trial. But many congressmen did sincerely believe that good work could be done in the provinces (though not at the Federal Center) for social reform. Certainly on the surface the opportunity seems impressive. A Ministry of Indians, responsible to a mainly elected legislature, has charge of most of the functions of government that chiefly concern the average man in his daily life. Could it not expand the starved social services, bring health and enlightenment to neglected villages, rescue the peasant from the usurer, humanize the conditions of the industrial worker and teach the police to behave as the servants, not the masters, of the people?

This dazzling prospect fades perceptibly when one examines the Constitution in detail. Over wide areas of possible legislation the Federal Center and the provinces share concurrent jurisdiction, with the Center predominant; but the Federal Legislature is hopelessly tied to property interests. Much graver is the financial difficulty: for a great part of their revenues the provinces depend on the Federal Center; their budgets are, therefore, inelastic, and it is doubtful, given the heavy fixed charges incidental to foreign rule, whether funds can be raised to pay for social reform. In several provinces there are second chambers, based on a high property franchise, which can and doubtless will obstruct social reform. Again, one may ask whether irremovable white civil servants will loyally carry out the policy of brown Ministers. Finally, there is the Governor's veto.

On this last obstacle the Congress concentrated its gaze. It loomed up, the dramatic embodiment of British sovereignty. These white men had the almost unlimited right, if they chose to exercise it, to frustrate the will of the brown millions. In certain cases the Constitution expressly instructs the Governor to use his veto, but a wide margin is left to his discretion. The danger is not that the veto will be used frequently and brutally; it is rather that Ministers, aware that it is always hanging over their heads, must discuss their every move with the Governor and watch his face anxiously from day to day: in short, they must consider his views as closely as those of their constituents. Facing this prospect, Mr. Gandhi thought of a compromise. In each province the leaders of the victorious party should, before taking office, seek from the Governor an undertaking that he will not use his veto so long as the Ministry acts within the Constitution.

This was not, it seems to me, an improper request. The Governor might well have answered that he will use his veto only in cases where a proposed infringement of the Constitution obliges him to do so. Probably such an answer would have satisfied the moderate majority. It was nowhere given. Every Governor promised "sympathy," but refused any pledge that in any way limited his right of veto. Then the inevitable happened. In all six provinces the Congress refused office, and tame Indian notables with no popular support formed Ministries that will be the Governors' tools. It is unlikely that these six legislatures will ever meet. The Constitution is not working, and it is improbable that outside the Mohammedan northeast and northwest it ever will work. On the day that it came into force, over the greater part of the Peninsula the bazaars and factories closed their doors and silent cities went into mourning.

The struggle, then, goes on for effective independence. Indians in this Constitution have gained a new lever, but that is all they have gained. The victory cannot be swift or easy. In this new phase the contending forces will organize themselves more consciously than before on class lines. The British rulers will be driven to seek the support of the princes, the capitalists and the landlords. Into this camp the wealthy, elderly fringe of the Congress will tend to drift. It will have to draw to itself the lower middle class, if it hopes to win provincial elections—a task for which it is not well fitted. The main body of the Congress, meanwhile, hampered by Mr. Gandhi's old-world views of morals and economics, will have to become frankly a Workers' and Peasants' Party, as keen on expropriating landlords of its own race as on opposing the Empire.

This inevitable realignment of forces and classes will come only gradually and slowly, but the struggle over the Constitution is likely to speed it up. For Sir Samuel Hoare's constructive idea, when he drafted it, was manifestly to win the Indian propertied classes for the Empire by concessions that meant for them something substantial, while the masses gained only a simulacrum. The test, as that typical Indian liberal, Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, insists, will come when again the Empire finds itself at war. The chivalry that Indians showed in the Great War, when they refused to take advantage of England's difficulties, will not be repeated. Their bolder thinkers now look forward to the war that will herald their liberation. With a little generosity and a little trust when the Constitution was drafted, this phase of total alienation might have been avoided. Had not considerations of prestige forbidden the Governors to bargain over the veto, an accommodation might have been reached with the Congress even after its victory. It is now too late to hope for reconciliation.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

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Humanism and Europe

In these days when European civilization seems more immediately threatened than at any other time, perhaps, since the Middle Ages, more and more of the European men of letters are turning toward the past to discover the essential nature of the culture they are trying to save. Thomas Mann, now visiting this country, is one of these men, quite possibly the most distinguished. His remarks on "Humanism in Europe" were rewritten by him from a talk he made some months ago in Budapest, at the Institute of Intellectual Coöperation; they have not appeared before in English. The translation is by Kenneth Burke.—THE EDITORS.

THE ADDRESS in English that we have just heard with such enjoyment had the further attraction, for me personally, of easing my sense of responsibility; for I too would speak in my own tongue. I do so, not merely to extend the linguistic range of our conference. I have a still deeper and more earnest reason. Under the present circumstances, there would seem to be an element of both irony and pathos in the fact that I should take the floor to speak as a German, and in German, and to avow my conviction that Christianity and the traditions of the Mediterranean are, and will remain, the two pillars of Occidental culture; my conviction that each of these pillars supports the other, so that no people could abandon or deny either one of them without shutting itself off from the spiritual and moral community of European peoples. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I deliberately express this conviction as a German, speaking German. Beside my name, on our list of members, stands the word "Allemagne," Germany, referring beyond question to the Germany that avows this truth and clings to it, the Germany for which I have the honor to be speaking.

The concept of humanism is complex, combining two distinct and basic trends of the European man. Nor should we approach it in too philological a sense, as a mere matter of erudition and schooling. I recall the period of my childhood, spent in a North German merchant city where no one knew or understood much about humanism. And I recall, in the bookcase of my parents, an old book on Greek and Roman mythology. That book was the favorite reading of my early years. I knew upside down and backwards its translations of Homer and Virgil, in German hexameters. I had at my fingertips the combats and intrigues of Zeus. And my engrossment with the Olympians and their earthly protégés took the place of the Indian tales preferred by my companions of more robust taste. I did not know it was humanism that was engaging me and delighting me. But unquestionably I was expressing in incipient form an innate tendency that was later to manifest itself in my activities as a writer. Not that I became a humanist in the stricter scholastic sense. At our school we were taught Latin but not Greek. Still, that may not mean much. Schiller knew no Greek, but his poems evoke the full enchantment of the Greek world with the most vivid intuition and immediacy. Frederick the Great read the old writers in French translation because, when enacting his role in life, he thought in French.

So to repeat: humanism is not mere philology. And today, of all times, we are called upon to define it otherwise. Perhaps the best and simplest way to think of it is as the *opposite of fanaticism*. As such, it has absolutely nothing to do with schooling and routine. Rather, humanism is an *attitude*, a human predisposition or frame of mind, with ingredients of justice and freedom, knowledge and patience, charity and good humor. And also *doubt*. Doubt, not for its own sake, but as the necessary preparation for truth, a sympathetic exertion that is beyond all dogmatic presumption. Such an equipment and temper rightly bears the name of humanism, because it is the intellectual attitude par excellence. It reflects the pride of the human mind in its humanity, in all that distinguishes man from the rest of the universe, causing him sorrows and also exceptional delights—sorrows and delights which have found great and persuasive champions ready to stand up heroically for the honor of the human mind, and to bear witness even unto death.

Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, we might wish that more of this heroic readiness were in evidence than actually seems to be the case. What is needed today is a *militant* humanism, backed by the realization that the principle of freedom, patience and doubt must refuse to let itself be exploited and overrun by a fanaticism devoid of modesty and hesitation. It must realize that it has not only the right, but the duty, to *defend* itself. The notion of Europe is inextricably bound up with the humanist idea. Europe must cease to be, unless humanism *reveals its manhood* and acts on its awareness that freedom must not serve merely as an entrance for its mortal enemy and murderer.

That was in brief what I earnestly desired to say to you, what seemed to me important to say at this time before this group. When we speak of humanism, we refer to the foundations of Europe, the basic conditions of her cultural existence—wherefore I felt it necessary to speak of an alliance that must be made, uniting the natural charity of humanism with the firm determination of virility, if Europe is to survive.

THOMAS MANN.

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The Future of Democracy: III

We publish below three more statements on the future of Democracy, continuing the series in which two instalments have already appeared. Professor Léon Brunschvicg is a member of the faculty of the Sorbonne. Dr. H. W. Dodds is the president of Princeton University and Dr. John Dewey is the well known American philosopher. Another group of contributions will be published in an early issue. —THE EDITORS.

Léon Brunschvicg

BEFORE it can exist as an institution, democracy must exist as a state of mind and an ideal, and the proper working of our parliamentary system is only its outward sign and condition. The end in view is to assure each human being the full exercise of his freedom considered as inseparable from his human dignity. But as often happens in actual practice, the means react on the purpose, and the successful working of the democratic system runs the risk of being compromised by the inadequacies of the electorate —the ways in which the voters recruit their representatives and oversee their conduct in office. With this statement many of the worst fears that beset contemporary thought are explained.

But let us look more deeply into the matter, and recall that, morally as well as physically, man comes into the world lying down, not standing up. It requires effort for him to rise to his feet and maintain an upright posture. At different times in their history the nations of Europe have shown wide variations in their capacity to make this effort. And when we think of the Great War—four long years during which peoples sacrificed themselves unbelievably, pushing backward the previous limits of endurable suffering, we are not surprised that the energy required to lift man to his feet has failed, especially in those countries which had to accept defeat, and man has sunk back, exhausted, to rely on his animal instincts. Then everything that is worst in his past tends to reappear.

However much we may ourselves distrust those fatalist doctrines that are founded on the unchanging psychology of peoples, can we shut our eyes to the warnings impartial and disinterested observers have given us in the past? That great republican Condorcet tells us in his life of Euler:

M. Euler went from St. Petersburg to Berlin on the invitation of the King of Prussia. When he was introduced to the Queen Mother, who took pleasure in the conversation of enlightened men, she received him with the noble familiarity which proclaims in royalty a personal grandeur apart from their titles, and which had become one of the characteristics of that august family. But the Queen of Prussia could get nothing but monosyllables out of M. Euler, and she reproached him for a timidity and an embarrassment which she felt she deserved better than to inspire. "Why will you not talk to me?" she asked. "Madame," he replied, "because I come from a country where, if one talks, one is hanged."

Some years later, a woman of genius, Madame de Staël, expressed about Germany, a country for which she had always an open sympathy, a judgment quite masculine in its severity:

"We can pardon weakness of character when it is freely admitted, and in this respect the Italians show a singular frankness which is winning in itself, while the Germans, not daring to admit a weakness which so ill becomes them, put real energy and vigor into their fawning and submission. They stress their words harshly to hide the pliability of their feelings, and make use of philosophical reasoning to explain what is least philosophical in all the world—respect for brute force, and the weakening of moral fiber from fear, which changes that respect into admiration."

I have not made up these quotations for the occasion. American citizens who will take the trouble to ponder them will have the key to the political and moral situation creating so many threats to the security of spiritual values in Europe. They will understand the profound scorn which the dictators of our continent must feel for their compatriots bending beneath their yoke, those "frogs who asked for a king" as in La Fontaine's fable. They will perceive the weight of sinister truth in that proud reflection of Vauvenargues: "Slavery debases the souls of men until they love it."

As for the future, we may say, speaking of the peoples where the government still has the respect of the governed, that their salvation is in their own hands. It is incumbent on the individual to make worthy use of the right that he has won to determine his own fate. But to get to the bottom of the truth, we must add that our salvation lies also in your hands. In our eyes you have not ceased to be Europeans, only you are Europeans who have had the good fortune to escape from the double danger of frontiers and overpopulation. Thus your ban on immigration has been for the last twenty years one of the essential factors of the crisis through which our continent is passing. And after all, President Wilson climaxed the work of unexampled generosity seen in the intervention of the United States, by proclaiming a universal ideal: "The world must be made safe for democracy."

Such an utterance had all the solemnity of a binding promise. If it had been possible to keep it, if the creators of the League of Nations had not

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unfortunately turned back from their own creation, the level of human conscience would have been carried high enough for the free nations which still endure in Europe to have nothing more to fear from the brutal materialism encircling them. But history has not spoken its last word: on your side as well as on ours the way remains open, not for prophecies, always suspect as illusions, but for the bond of friendship, for the strong action which can challenge destiny and change its course.

H. W. Dodds

IN MY opinion, there is no reason to conclude that political democracy is on the wane in respect to those countries in which the democratic position was well consolidated before the resurgence of authoritarianism in Europe. There is abundant evidence that its prestige has fallen in other countries which at one time were moving in the direction of democratic government and in which active and influential elements formerly were promoting the democratic ideal. Both England and the United States were fortunate in that they enjoyed periods of relative quiet in which democratic institutions could ripen while the strain upon government was yet relatively slight. In those countries which after brief trials have recently abandoned democratic forms, no such training period was possible. There the social heritage being unfriendly to the democratic ideal, and the time available for the reception of this ideal and for education in the unfamiliar art of self-government being so short, reversion to authoritarian government was natural under pressure of economic distress and inflamed nationalism.

In the United States political democracy as a pragmatic success has left much to be desired, particularly in respect to the abatement of excrescences which appeared during our industrial expansion, and the danger to democracy lies in the plausibility of the argument that some sort of a "planning state" can do it better. Thus by slow degrees the ideal of democracy may be undermined, inasmuch as the social-planning psychology leads ultimately to the authoritarian state. I am at a loss to understand why anyone familiar with practical politics and the mentality of political bosses can fail to grasp this principle. Certainly no political-control devices have been proposed which on the basis of political experience can frustrate the cumulative concentration of power under a planning state. One of America's chief protections against the acceptance of the authoritarian ideal is our decentralized system of state and local governments and our habit of electing hosts of local officials from men like ourselves. The tradition has given us inefficient, even corrupt, local government, but it has also developed attitudes antagonistic to dictatorship.

Authoritarian government is not superior to democracy. It boasts a certain military efficiency, but military efficiency is no fit test of a political institution. Even the efficiency of authoritarian government is exaggerated, partly because the action of the government is dramatic and boastful, and partly because the play of politics is screened from public gaze. Democracy is the only form of government which will in the long run satisfy the developing political instincts of a people. While we may expect deviations from it, it is certain, in my judgment, that the deviations will be more and more departures from a democratic norm. Much trouble and loss can be saved if these deviations can be prevented, or abbreviated when they occur. It is important that democracy be a pragmatic success, but its superiority to authoritarian government rests in its closer harmony with the fundamental instincts of politically enlightened peoples.

Security for the individual, as the Marxists view it, is humanly incompatible with freedom. On the other hand, an appropriate degree of security is of course indispensable if a satisfactory human life is to be reached. The problem is to attain that measure of security indispensable to any social order, if that order is to survive, and at the same time to maintain the degree of freedom necessary to security which growth alone will ensure. Efforts to attain security are in danger of self-defeat through the stagnation which accompanies overemphasis upon security. Herein lies the danger of security as a social ideal. A static or closed economic system would be most insecure.

John Dewey

THAT POLITICAL democracy is now on the wane in a large part of Europe cannot be denied. While the causes of the decline are too complicated for me to discuss here, I feel that one outstanding reason is the fact that democracy had no social roots in the countries from which it has disappeared. It was too exclusively identified with the political franchise and with parliamentary government to have any deep hold on these nations.

I do not believe that authoritarian government is superior to democracy. I hold the opposite view. The only time when it seems to be superior is in the abnormal conditions created by war and internal economic crises. I can think of nothing more fundamentally wrong than to use such pathological conditions as criteria of the excellence of a government.

Whether or not security and liberty are incompatible for the individual is a question that depends upon the definition of the terms "security" and "freedom." As general terms, they seem to be too vague and ambiguous to permit of intelligent consideration. If "security" is limited to economic safety, it certainly is incompatible with the kind of laissez-faire freedom that has developed in modern highly industrialized countries. If freedom is combined with a reasonable amount of equality and security is taken to mean cultural and moral security and also material safety, I do not think that security is compatible with anything but freedom.

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Mr. Ford Collects

FAR TOO little attention is being paid to what Mr. Henry Ford is doing at Greenfield Village, near his River Rouge plant, at Dearborn, Michigan. This is not because his establishment lacks for visitors: more than 400,000 persons went through his museum and village last year. Most of them, so far as I can judge, were silent Americans of the type of Mr. Ford himself: those wind-burned, weather-beaten, middle-class and middle-aged people whom one sees in the trailer camps outside Sarasota in the winter. Nearly all of them drive their own cars, most of which cost less than a thousand dollars. A large proportion are Fords, very often brand-new ones that the owners are driving from Detroit to their homes to save the price differential. They descend upon the Ford exhibits, park the car and, chaperoned by the dozens of college-boy guides, go in deep silence through the museum and village. When it is all over, they come out, saying nothing, pack themselves into their cars again, and drive away.

Whether they are impressed, I cannot tell; but I was. Mr. Ford's is an extraordinary enterprise, carried through with a remorseless determination that helps you to understand how he has pushed himself in forty years from a poor mechanic, who could not pay a lawyer's fee, to one of the world's three or four richest men. (The lawyer whom he could not pay took a few shares of stock in exchange, and because of this can now support a magnificent winter estate in Florida and all the other appurtenances of wealth.) I don't suppose Mr. Ford ever heard of the Deutsches Museum in Munich, that vast aggregation of man's machines, collected over many decades by a state government which during most of that time commanded almost unlimited funds. Whether he has or hasn't heard of it, Mr. Ford has set out to duplicate that achievement from his own, strictly unaided, resources.

His museum, which the visitor sees first, is a vast building of something like eight acres. Whole shiploads of teakwood were brought from the East Indies for the beautiful inlaid floor, 350,000 square feet of it, by far the largest in the world and guaranteed to last many hundreds of years. (It makes your shoes squeak but no one minds that; most of the visitors wear shoes that squeak anyhow.) The front of the museum is so long that it has been possible to turn it into replicas of three historic American buildings, Independence Hall, Congress Hall and the old City Hall of Philadelphia, without the offense to good taste that one would suppose such an enterprise would create. Only part of the museum is open, but even so, the visitor tramps such incredible distances that he yearns for roller skates or better yet, one of Mr. Ford's own convertible cabriolets with the top down.

In his museum, Mr. Ford undertakes to tell the story of agriculture, manufacture and transport from the earliest days down to the present time. He has, in original or duplicate, the most ancient plows, spinning-wheels, carriages, steam and gasoline and electric engines. He has an acre of clocks, or so it seemed to me; a square block of radio sets; several historic railway trains complete; enough famous airplanes to equip both sides in a Central American war; a vast procession of automobiles from the earliest times down to the twenty-five-millionth Ford. The scope of the collection is of course more modest than that of the Deutsches Museum, with its famous assortment of ship models and its life-sized coal mine; but in many departments the Ford collection is more complete than that in Munich or anywhere else in the world. To me, at least, the most impressive exhibit was a towering hulk of an engine, as massive as a baby skyscraper, which a little more than a century ago was necessary to produce the incredible energy of forty-five horsepower. A few feet away one may see the current eighty-five-horsepower engine of a Ford V-8, looking like a watch charm by comparison.

About the time that the visitor's feet are worn off at the ankles he emerges from this unbelievable conglomeration of machines. Ignoring the Edison Institute on the left, where a selected group of students are given an education in mechanics and engineering, he enters the first building of Greenfield Village. Here, in an ample park of greensward and curving driveways, Mr. Ford has erected his group of historic buildings, most of them dating from Revolutionary America, and a majority not duplicates but the original buildings themselves, bought by Mr. Ford where they stood, in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania or wherever, taken down by skilled workmen, the stones or boards carefully numbered, and reërected on the spot. Museum catalogues are deadly dull, but I will mention a few items that may give an idea of the whole.

Here, for instance, is the actual Illinois courthouse where Abraham Lincoln practised law as a young man. The log fire in the fireplace has never been allowed to go out, even in hottest midsummer, since the building was dedicated eight years ago. Here is the country school that Henry Ford first attended, the furniture exactly duplicated and Ford's initials carved in his own desk (the last row, on the right). Here are the birthplaces of McGuffey of the Readers and Stephen Foster, the composer. Here is a century-old village general store, equipped with a complete stock of the same period, that had miraculously been preserved in someone's attic, with an

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elderly storekeeper in attendance (he sells nothing), trying to look as much like an antique as possible. Visitors to the Village are gently coerced into riding from the entrance to the far side, and they do so in historic coaches, each pulled by a spanking pair. No automobile is allowed within the grounds—which might perhaps give a philosopher something to think about.

Most notable of all is the Edison collection. Edison met Ford forty-one years ago and was friendly to him at a time when most people were laughing at the gawky young inventor with his one-lung horseless carriage, perpetually towed off the road for repairs. Edison encouraged Ford; Ford now considers him the greatest American who ever lived. At Dearborn Village you may now see the inventor's first workshop at Menlo Park, New Jersey, complete to the last possible detail, with originals or duplicates of his first models of the electric light, the phonograph and his other inventions. Outside, a street has been built, precisely like the street in Menlo Park, and at exactly the right distance is the boarding-house where Edison lived. The inventor spent his winters at Fort Myers, Florida, and his workshop there has likewise been uprooted and transported. The soil around the Menlo Park buildings is of a reddish hue, not native to Michigan. It is the true soil of Menlo Park, dug up by the carload and shipped to Dearborn.

To this visitor, at any rate, not the least interesting exhibit at Mr. Ford's historic village was the one at which he got something to eat. There is no restaurant on the grounds, and several hours' tramping can give anyone a good appetite. About the time that I was beginning to review in my mind all the good meals I had had in previous years, I came suddenly upon a hot-dog wagon, complete with cook in clean white apron and cap, bubbling coffee machine and polished counter for the customers. With what was practically my dying breath I ordered a hamburger sandwich and a cup of coffee and when strength had revived sufficiently to let me speak I asked, with perhaps permissible curiosity, what a hot-dog wagon was doing in the middle of a collection of relics?

"This is a hot-dog wagon with a history," the cook told me proudly. "Back in the early days when Mr. Ford was just getting under way, this was an owl coffee wagon in the streets of downtown Detroit. Cab drivers and newspapermen and policemen used to drop in at all hours of the night." He grinned a little, as though he and I were sharing a mild secret. "Just one of Mr. Ford's antiques, brother, just one of Mr. Ford's antiques."

Nevertheless, the hamburger was magnificent, and I had another.

It would be poetically appropriate if I could say that from this village, with its artificial eighteenth-century calm, one can see the River Rouge Ford plant, where the shiny new cars come off the line, one after another all day long, like kernels of popcorn from one of those automatic popping machines. This is not quite true; that incredibly vast factory is a little too far away, and you see it only as you pass en route to or from Detroit. I accumulated and then threw away a mass of statistics about the factory, which must in any case be seen to be believed. The enormous plant is sprawled along the river, set far back from the road behind a tangle of railway tracks, great piles of lumber, foothills of sawdust and fortresslike stacks of steel forms.

My own imagined picture of it had been wrong; I had thought of a great rectangle of steel and glass, with perhaps a chimney here and there. But in fact the building line swoops up and down again, here rising into a vast hulk like a grain elevator, there crouching toward the ground to support massive brick chimneys, erect and proud like the masts of a ship. Behind that incredible façade, I am told that something like eighty thousand men are at work. It could easily be true that a man could be employed for years at one end of the factory and never visit the other end, distant by twenty minutes' hard walking.

Between the factory and the village is the great area of the Ford gardens, where any of Henry's employees may come and raise vegetables for his family, on a plot of land for which he pays nothing and on which the heavy work of preparing the soil is done by special employees at Mr. Ford's expense. Some of these gardens are near enough to the village so that a man laboring on the soil, stopping to take breath, can lean on his hoe and look across the field to antique Georgian brick or colonial white pillars. Perhaps he does so and the thought may occur to him that if Mr. Ford can spend all these millions to embalm in amber, so to speak, a dead civilization, he could perhaps pay his employees even more than their present wages, which begin at $6 a day. Or perhaps he has no such thought; I was told, and see no reason to doubt it, that many of those who take advantage of the free garden space, in the evenings and on their days off, are highly pleased with the idea and correspondingly grateful to their paternalistic employer.

Yet it still seems to me a striking fact that the collection of antiquities and the automobile factory should be so near together, just as it might interest a psychologist that Mr. Ford should turn so inveterately toward the past, should collect old-time fiddlers and encourage a renaissance of square dances, even hopping with determination about the floor himself from time to time. For surely, it is the Master of Dearborn who has done more than any other man, living or dead, to destroy the old America and set up the new. And not only America, either: all over the world, ancient ways of life are being discarded in large part because one can now step into a devil wagon, go a long distance, and return the same day. Mr. Ford has broken down the isolation of the peasant; he has made life along the main roads a

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nightmare; he has altered the morals of the young, who speed over the highways at night unchaperoned, or park where the trees are dark and thick. It would be unfair to quote in this connection the old saying that "the criminal returns to the scene of his crime"; but it is not unfair to suggest that Mr. Ford might be less interested in putting an extinct civilization into a museum if he had not done so much to make it extinct.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Mauvais Quart d'Heure

IN ENGLAND, as everyone knows, the government controls broadcasting, and this has advantages. Sir John Reith runs the show. With the huge income derived from licenses, he has built up a powerful organization, molded a staff that knows where he wants it to go and how to go there, avoids the sprawl and brawl of competition while keeping step with the great public, and manages to be at once nimble and dignified, substantial and entertaining. But, so far as the monopoly is concerned, there are many objections to be registered by the consumer.

If war comes, these objectives will be instantly apparent as the well oiled machine is wheeled into action on the side of the big battalions, but even before it comes it is already apparent. The "news," for example, is already semi-official. In the region of foreign affairs it is absurdly tongue-tied. It is full of safe stuff dumped on it by the government departments. It is loaded with the sickly sentimentality about the Royal Family that is part of British stock-in-trade. The BBC debases the intellectual coinage as the class system demands, and, through reticence, polite omissions, delicate falsifications, genteel evasions, it takes the vitamins out of the "news."

Only when the announcers put off the toga and begin with Sports do they feel at home with themselves. And that makes them sound incurably adolescent.

But once in a while there is an amusing crack in the respectable front, in spite of the vigilant censorship. Such a crack recently occurred on a quiet Sunday evening.

It came in a series of talks contributed by foreigners who were asked to give their impressions of the English. These particular foreigners were Scandinavians, three of them, each of them speaking for five minutes, a Dane, a Norwegian and a Swede. The Dane was a woman who had been seven years in England, the Norwegian a man from Bergen who had been eight months there, and the Swede a young woman who had a somewhat longer acquaintance than the Norwegian. At least one of them had worked in a settlement. All three were simple, direct and utterly sincere, each speaking from a personal angle and of course without collusion.

The Dane said how much she liked the English, with whom she had been working for her seven years, but the thing that most struck her was the extraordinary contrast in England between the rich and the poor. The existence of poverty such as England's was a surprise to her, and she spoke of it in accents of pain. She was also troubled by the English foreign policy, and its feebleness in regard to the Spanish civil war.

The Norwegian succeeded her after five minutes. The thing that most struck him in England was the extraordinary contrast between the rich and the poor. He was very glad to get away from a small place like Bergen, where everybody knows everybody, but the poverty in England hurt him. And English foreign policy also hurt him. It might be idealistic to be disappointed with the English failure to live up to its pretensions and help Ethiopia, but he'd rather be idealistic.

Then came the Swede. She had been a guest in a fine English manor house, and she had worked in the East End. What most struck her in England was the extraordinary contrast between the rich and the poor. In Sweden, where children of all classes have the same education, there is no sense of class difference such as exists in England. In Sweden there are no slums. Her voice sank with horror as she spoke of the impression that English poverty made on her. And so, with renewed words of liking and respect, the fifteen minutes ended.

Seldom have I ever felt the impact of three opinions so much as on this occasion. The speakers may have been selected from some students' group, but they did not speak as members of a party, or members of a group. They had started from Denmark, Norway and Sweden to see for themselves what English civilization was like. They had taken the evidence of their senses directly from the common facts before them, and they had judged foreign policy as it unrolled day by day. They were predisposed in favor of the English. They had found the English as likable as they had expected. But England's economic system, as contrasted with Scandinavia's, hit them between the eyes. They were not merely surprised. They were shocked. They were appalled. They were horrified. They had found two nations in England, one of masters and the other of slaves, and it left them outraged. In addition to this, the moral aspect of English foreign policy left them profoundly disturbed.

In Norway, as one of the speakers said, there is no such thing as a wealthy class. Sixteen thousand Norwegians, I think he said, pay income tax on incomes over £500 a year. In Denmark, I believe, the number who have over £500 a year is somewhere around 20,000. But the real wealth that is distributed, the wealth of education, of public facilities, of opportunity for decent living, is so accessible to everyone that economic frustration is rare. It is this that made the three witnesses so eloquent. They saw England, their admired and powerful England, thronged with millions of wretched, balked, warped, distorted people, the victims of terrible poverty, and this affronted them as Scandinavians. It was the thing that cut into them, one after the other, and yet independently.

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The effect on the announcer, I felt, was thoroughly uncomfortable. He let them out in a subdued manner. But there it was, they had come to the microphone in all innocence of British complacency, and they had blurted out a fact too obvious ever to be mentioned.

If the result was to cheer up the neo-puritans who call themselves Communists, I should be sorry. But glad was I to hear the babes saying what they really felt over Sir John Reith's radio. Perhaps, after all, the one true democratic experiment in the world may cut some ice in the end.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Honeymoon

HE HAD been married two weeks. They were still on their honeymoon. At the Dells, where they had gone, he had dutifully obeyed his mother and called on the Druckers. There they met Sid Becket. He wished to God now he had never called on the Druckers. He hated Sid Becket.

They hadn't had a minute alone since Sid Becket was introduced to them. They hadn't had a meal alone, or an afternoon alone, or even an evening alone. He was with them all the time, suggesting a swim, proposing a walk, always talking, always jabbering. He was clever, too. A clever talker. He knew all about history and art. The worst of it was he always talked to Nancy. She liked that kind of talk. Ever since they met Sid Becket she seemed gayer. One day she said she wished she knew more about art and history and all that kind of thing. He just nodded, as if he thought it was a good idea, but he felt resentful inside. And he got bitterly sullen when Sid Becket said he would lend her some books. He couldn't talk, he was so angry. And after he had been silent for a little while she said she thought he must have a stomach ache.

On the last day of their honeymoon they ate together, the three of them, again. They were going home on the eight o'clock train, but Sid Becket was staying on with the Druckers. They ate at the little place where there were the red and white checked tablecloths on the tables. He was afraid he'd get sick on the train, so he just ordered a sandwich. He said he wasn't hungry. Nancy wasn't hungry either. She ordered fruit salad and cinnamon toast and coffee. But Sid Becket said he was going to eat a farewell dinner in their honor. He looked at Nancy and said it'd take a lot of food to bolster him up after they had gone. He said "they," but it was easy to see who he really meant. He was always saying things like that—veiled things that you could see through. Nancy never seemed to notice.

When Sid Becket got his steak and french-fried potatoes and lettuce salad he insisted on giving some to Nancy. She said, "Oh, no!" and declared she couldn't eat it; but he insisted, and she just laughed while he cut off half the steak and put it on her plate with some french-fried potatoes. Then she said he'd better try some of her fruit salad, and he said he would. While she was helping him to the fruit salad he looked over and said: "I wonder if your husband would like some steak." There was only half a steak left. It was easy to see who he wanted to share with. Nancy laughed and said she didn't think her husband was very hungry tonight. "Are you, dear?"

"If I wanted steak, I'd have ordered it," he said quietly.

During the meal Sid Becket talked about history. He said that Napoleon nationalized Italy and that external aggression nationalized France, and that France nationalized Germany. He said war nationalized all those countries and that really this was a marvelous country because it was so big and yet all the parts were so friendly and they all spoke one language. This was a marvelous rich country, he said, only it didn't have the culture those other countries had. He said when he was over there he had been truly amazed at their culture. All the time he was talking he kept taking up big forkfuls of steak and potatoes. Nancy was hanging on his words. When he got through eating he wiped his mouth with the napkin and said: "I saw a beautiful dress in a window down the street here. Green crepe." He smiled and winked and bent his head toward her. "It'd look good on you, all right," he said. "That's what I thought when I saw it."

When the check came Nancy insisted that Sid Becket should not pay it. He made a good bluff at wanting to, but you could see he was pretty well satisfied at getting a free meal. After supper they all walked up the street to the hotel. They got the suitcases, and paid the hotel bill. Then Sid Becket said he would go to the station with them and see them off. It was twenty to eight, so they had plenty of time. They strolled down toward the station, each man carrying one suitcase, with Nancy walking between them swinging her handbag. "Oh, I hate to leave the Dells!" cried Nancy suddenly. "It's so beautiful here. Don't you hate to leave the Dells, darling?"

"Well, yes and no," he said. "It's going to be nice to get home."

"The Dells," said Sid Becket, "is one of nature's wonder spots. Did you see the place where Blackhawk jumped the river in 1848?"

That was the way he always was. You couldn't say a word without his turning it into history. He started telling them about how Blackhawk was pursued by an enemy tribe and they thought they had him captured when they got him along the cliffs above the river. But he just reared back and got a little start and jumped his pony clear across to the cliffs on the other side. Forty-foot jump, they said it was. It was almost unbelievable. "I believe it," said Nancy. "Don't you, dear?"

"I suppose so," he muttered.

"Darling, why are you so quiet?"

"He's worried about missing that train," said

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Sid Becket. "Say, you'll have to come back next summer. I'll be here again, I imagine."

"Oh, we could have some wonderful times!" said Nancy. "Oh, I'd love to!"

Suddenly Sid Becket looked attentively at her shoulder. He stopped, put down the suitcase and said: "Come here. Wait." He brushed her shoulder with his hand, and then, smiling, picked off a long thread of her hair with his fingers. She smiled.

"Oooh!" she said. "Thank you."

"Thank—*you,*" said Sid Becket. The three of them walked on. The hair stayed loose, as if forgotten, in the hand with which he carried the suitcase. It was easy to see if you looked for it.

When they got to the station the baggage-master's dog started barking at them. The station agent came out and gave a kick at the dog to shut him up. "You want tickets?" he said.

"Two to Baysweep," said Sid Becket, loudly, as if one of the tickets was for him.

"Ooh, I forgot all about tickets," said Nancy.

While he was inside getting the tickets Sid Becket and Nancy stood alone on the platform. He wondered what they were saying. He wished the station agent would hurry with his change; but when he had it and walked out the door he suddenly slowed up and approached his wife and her friend at a casual saunter. He wasn't going to act worried.

"I got the tickets," he said.

Sid Becket was talking. ". . . after that I always thought it could never happen again," said Sid Becket. "But it has." He stopped.

"So you've got the tickets," said Nancy. She seemed a little embarrassed.

They didn't talk much more. In a few minutes the train came. Sid Becket shook hands warmly with each of them. "Come back next summer," he said as they got on the train. "Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" they called. The engine chugged, the wheels ground slowly, the train moved, and they stood waving. "Good-by-e-e-e!"

As soon as they were settled in the coach with their suitcases up on the racks and their legs stretched out on the seat before them, he turned to Nancy and said: "Happy?"

"Um-huh," she said, smiling intimately.

He felt relieved. He felt close to her. He was glad they were going home. He slipped his arm into the crook of hers and fingered her bare wrist happily. There was no one near them in the coach. He leaned his head over and kissed her lightly, softly on the cheek. She turned readily and gave him her lips, full and moist. They kissed. She put her hand on his cheek and pressed. A long time. Then they looked at each other. "What was he saying to you on the platform?" he whispered gently. Her eyelids were drooping. She acted sleepy. "Oh," she said, "he was just—talking. You know." She put her lips up and he bit down into them, deep and passionately. He wanted to kill Sid Becket. He wanted to kill him. He wanted to kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

RICHARD SULLIVAN.

Washington Notes

The Latest Attack on the Court Plan: Gossip —A World Peace Conference Soon?— Mr. Hull's Sympathizers Fight Back

THE DEADLIEST attack yet devised by the enemies of Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court reorganization plan is the gossip that Justices Van Devanter and Sutherland wish to retire as soon as they can with honor. It is extremely effective because it is precisely what the fence-sitting Senators would like to believe, and because there is no good way to substantiate or contradict it. No one can argue, with a straight face, that Mr. Justice Roberts' conversion in the National Labor Relations Board cases—apparently on the astute advice of Mr. Chief Justice Hughes—has made a liberal Court, but it can be plausibly urged that the appointment of two new men to replace Justices Van Devanter and Sutherland would give Mr. Roosevelt almost everything he wants. It seems fairly well established that Mr. Justice Van Devanter, who is seventy-eight, has a genuine wish to resign, but no tangible evidence has been advanced to support the rumor about Mr. Justice Sutherland. No pro-administration Senator quite likes to tap him on the shoulder and say: "What's this I hear about your leaving us?" Meanwhile, the buzz-buzz that his and Mr. Justice Van Devanter's retirement is imminent, and perhaps that of Mr. Justice Brandeis, has helped to bring the fight in the Senate Judiciary Committee to a standstill.

The recent newspaper stories saying that President Roosevelt is about to call a world peace conference are not so silly as they seem. The State Department is now continuously engaged in negotiations concerned with the peace of Europe. There is no secret about this; the State Department boasts of it. In the Department's corridors it is said affectionately that Mr. Hull never speaks to a foreign diplomat without offering a new peace proposal.

Correspondents also know that, if Mr. Roosevelt ever does summon a conference, he will act without warning. He will be obliged to by the nature of diplomacy. If Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hull were first to consult the British Ambassador, for example, they would then be bound to consult the French, the Germans the Italians and so on to the Siamese. By that time their negotiations to negotiate would contain as many kinks and knots as there were diplomats accredited to Washington.

It is not seriously denied at the State Department that Mr. Norman H. Davis, now our chief representative at the London sugar conference, has power to discuss general economic and political questions. However, other American diplomats in Europe appear to have similarly comprehensive powers; Mr. Bullitt in Paris, for example, is supposed to be in almost daily communication with the White House by transatlantic telephone. Mr. Davis' main job in London is probably just what it seems to be on the surface—to promote the interests of United States investors in Cuban sugar plantations.

It is not seriously denied, either, that European peace was lengthily discussed during the visit to the White House of Canada's Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir. How-

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ever, here again the chief purpose of Lord Tweedsmuir's visit was probably the obvious one. The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, is anxious to build up a record of friendship between Canada and the United States for domestic political reasons.

A fresh flock of newspaper rumors about peace may be expected periodically. Nothing about the administration is more certain than that Messrs. Roosevelt and Hull intend to have a whirl at European peace-making. This does not necessarily mean, however, a full-dress international conference. According to those who ought to know the way in which Messrs. Roosevelt's and Hull's minds are working, they are as likely to use ordinary diplomatic channels. The tripartite monetary agreement of last fall is cited as the type of action that is possible. There is a report that Mr. Roosevelt would like to move immediately after the Imperial Conference next month in London, but this seems to be sheer guesswork.

The State Department is following with anxious sympathy the conversations now being undertaken by Mr. van Zeeland, Belgium's youthful Premier. Personally Mr. van Zeeland is regarded with almost parental solicitude. He is the new boy wonder. At least some of the State Department experts think he has a chance of success. Last December, when the Germans were preparing to occupy Spanish Morocco these same experts thought war in Europe was almost inevitable. Now, having recovered their spirits, they are resolutely optimistic. They do not think that Hitler means to fight this spring or summer. They think that he either has deserted, or is about to desert, Mussolini in Spain. Accordingly, they believe that Mr. van Zeeland has a fair chance of finding Hitler ready to talk business, and may succeed in creating the conditions under which a useful démarche by the United States will be possible.

Two weeks ago, in these Notes, the views of certain Treasury and Federal Reserve Board officials were set forth. These officials professed to be greatly disturbed by the effects of the European arms race on our price level, and in favor of this country's isolating itself, as far as possible, from the European bonfire they felt to be ultimately inescapable. They showed scant sympathy for Mr. Hull's program of tariff reduction and international coöperation, calling it wildly romantic and even dangerous.

Such criticisms are sharply disputed by Mr. Hull's sympathizers. To begin with, they insist that too much emphasis is being placed on the armaments race as an economic factor. Raw-material prices, they say, have been put up much more by speculators than by actual munitions makers. The new demand created by the armaments race admittedly justifies higher commodity prices, but it certainly does not justify any such rise as has occurred in the last three months. The Hull sympathizers predict a sharp bump in the commodity markets before many months have passed, by next September at the latest. Because producers of copper and other metals are better organized, they expect the chief victims to be Secretary Wallace's wheat and cotton farmers.

The Hull sympathizers also deny that the armaments race will tend to make European business men propagandists for war. In their view, it will have precisely the contrary effect. The wilder the armaments race becomes, the greater the strain will be on the national economies of Europe, and the worse the position of all business men, including the arms manufacturers. The armaments race has already brought concealed inflation to Germany, they point out; it is the chief cause of the financial shadow now hovering over France; it is arousing obvious fears among the business men of England. On the other hand, business men of all nations would gain great and immediate advantages from a European settlement.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Court Takes the Mote from Its Eye—Sit-Downers Hamstring Property Rights—So Labor Turns Out to Be Interstate

WHAT BLAST hit the Supreme Court and rocked it out of its neolithic complacence? My guess is that it was the sit-down strikers.

Look it all over. Up to now the Court has been holding to a doctrine which always seemed to me incredible, but which, now that the Court itself has gotten around to reversing it, appears to be a little shameless.

Imagine a man with a small distillery on the boundary of a state, making liquor and selling it over the border in another state. Of course no manufacturer makes goods to keep or to destroy. He makes them to sell. The distiller, therefore, who makes whiskey, makes it to sell. And if he makes it to sell it over the state border, you would say he was in an interstate business. But not the Supreme Court. The Court says he is in two lines of business. One is manufacturing and one is selling. These are not energies of the same business, departments of the same business, but two separate enterprises. The manufacturing is intrastate. Therefore the labor engaged in manufacturing is in intrastate business. The selling of the product, however, is interstate commerce. There is no way of getting around that. So the Court, in order to exclude labor from the interstate aspect of the business, merely carves the actual manufacturing out of the enterprise and calls it a separate business.

Now this was all right as long as the Court was looking around for rationalizations to save various big-business enterprises from the effect of the anti-trust laws. It began this in the very first case that came before the Supreme Court involving the Sherman law. That was in 1895. Then Mr. Chief Justice Fuller held that the American Sugar Refining Company—the Sugar Trust—which had a practical monopoly of the sugar-refining industry and operated refineries in various states, was not engaged in interstate commerce in its manufacturing operations. Here, indeed, is the perfect case of the legalistic mind at work spinning thin threads of special pleader's logic to save a point of view.

The American Sugar Refining Company brings molasses from one state to another. The molasses is in interstate commerce until it gets to the sugar mill. Then it is made into raw sugar. Now it is in intrastate commerce. Then the Trust ships it to one of its refineries in another state. While it is moving it is in interstate commerce. But as soon as it gets to the Trust's new factory to be refined it is no longer in interstate commerce. Then the refined sugar is

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shipped to a warehouse in another state belonging to the Trust. Now it is in interstate commerce again. As a result, the government, trying to hook the Trust under the Sherman anti-trust law, could do nothing, because its "manufacturing" operations are "intrastate." The fact that the whole business, from the buying of the molasses to the warehousing, is just one process which includes several operations spread out over a number of states is completely ignored by the Court.

Against this shocking jugglery, that old warrior, Mr. Justice Harlan, thundered his dissent, a dissent which, after forty-two years, becomes the opinion of the majority of the Court. But up to last week the Court stuck tenaciously to this specious reasoning. Manufacturing is an intrastate operation. The actual process of making the goods is lifted out of the whole operation of production, which consists in getting the raw materials, putting them through various processes in many states and finally making them available at the place where they are needed, for the purpose of labeling the manufacture as intrastate and taking it from under the coverage of the anti-trust acts. This doctrine came in handy, of course, when Congress began making laws to protect labor. And if followed, the Wagner Act to guarantee to labor its right of collective bargaining and its right to organize would have been held unconstitutional.

But recently something happened in this country. John L. Lewis' CIO boys began to sit down all over those intrastate plants. Nothing in a generation has so ruffled the tranquility of the satisfied tory as this "lawless" but effective attack on property. And so, although for years they have been denouncing "unconstitutional" attempts to "regulate" industry in the interest of labor, suddenly the conservatives began to cry out for some action by the government. Do something about these sit-ins! The state authorities are helpless! John L. Lewis and his Fannyzaries must be curbed. The shoe was on the other foot.

But there was nothing the federal government could do. The labor that was intrastate when it was standing up at the assembly line was still intrastate when it was sitting on its hams. Yet what to do? Cannot you imagine a sensitive Justice pondering the ruin of his country by lawless workers squatting on the American system? If Congress has no power to pass laws to deal with this situation, what is to become of us? Maybe Congress has the power. Maybe labor is not intrastate after all. Perhaps the effect of this labor squattage is "burdensome" to interstate commerce. As a matter of fact it *is* clear. Property rights everywhere, those on the other side of state boundaries as well, are threatened by this formerly intrastate sabotage. Isn't it all as clear as crystal—manufacturing and labor in manufacturing, drawing its raw materials from hither and yon and distributing its products north, west and interstate, is itself interstate in its character—at least it is in the "stream" of interstate commerce.

And so manufacturing has at last got into the stream of interstate commerce, just about the time the sit-downers swam into that same stream. And while I hail the decisions as long overdue justice, let labor pause in its huzzas to contemplate the possibility that presently we shall hear a long and now constitutional wail for national laws to deal with strikes and strikers and, above all, sit-down strikers.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Les Neiges d'Antan

WHEN A little volume is so admirably done and so useful as this of Miss Gilder's and Mr. Freedley's,[1] we owe it first a plain statement of its occasion and purpose. There have been for a long time of course certain great theatres with libraries, archives and collections, such, for example, as the Scala of Milan, the Comédie Française and the Opéra in Paris, the Prussian State Theatre in Berlin, and others. The libraries also have contained many volumes of drama and some stage history, just as the prints and portrait galleries have shown figures of the stage. But of late years there have been at work more and more influences that have drawn the theatre and the printed page, the libraries and the collections, together; and have multiplied the mutual exchange between artists of the theatre and librarians, students, historians. Today, as Miss Gilder tells us, every phase of production has some relation to the printed page.

We have, then, the question as to where these collections are to be found, and who their guardians are, and where in the future will theatre students find the record of today? When their survey was about to be undertaken, the editors were assured, it seems, that they would probably find no more than six genuine theatre collections in the entire Western Hemisphere. On the very first survey, however, it was found that no less than thirty-two libraries in the United States alone had collections of drama and theatre books that numbered 5,000 titles and over. The most limited results of this survey are in the material relating to Mexico, South America and Canada; time may help with these.

The purpose of this volume is to present a succinct account, so far as information was available, of the theatre collections in libraries and museums in our own country, and to provide a sort of international handbook of theatre material. The collections of the United States, Canada, Mexico and South America have been compiled by Miss Gilder; those of Europe and Asia by Mr. Freedley, who has also a very timely article on the care and preservation of fugitive theatre material—a practical problem and a rich source in this field. The bibliography and index follow. One of the best things about the volume is that it by no means proposes any completeness. The editors expect and hope for much more information as time passes and the assurance of this present volume encourages to an added effort some who might be skeptical or dilatory. The same volume of "Theatre Collections," then, may repeat itself in more detail and range. Even this present issue is an indispensable handbook in its field, is done with remarkable brevity and simplicity, and with a command of values that comes only from expert knowledge and cultivation. Curiously enough it makes at the same time delightful reading.

We may now indulge ourselves in certain pure delights, such items, for example, as some of the splendors, surprises or delicious information that constantly pop up. Sometimes with a collection it is the impressive richness, sometimes the distinction, sometimes the unexpectedness, that provides the interest. We should mention first, perhaps, the Folger

[1] Theatre Collections in Libraries and Museums: An International Handbook, by Rosamond Gilder and George Freedley. New York: Theatre Arts, Inc. 182 pages. $1.

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Shakespeare Library in Washington. It is administered by the Trustees of Amherst College; and consists of about 75,000 volumes. There are 75 copies of the first folio, 200 copies of the second, third and fourth folios, and the largest collection of the quartos in the world. There are also the prompt-books of Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Booth and others, plus 200,000 play-bills, and vast mounds of registers of plays, account books, autograph letters, etc. The Harvard College Library follows, with, for one thing, its enormous collection of programs and photographs; and the Boston Public Library, in which the Barton Collection of forty-two quartos and other Shakespeare items of value were, before the Folger advent, ranked as the foremost Shakespeare collection in any American public library, outranked only by the British Museum, the Bodleian and the library of Trinity. To this is added the Ticknor Collection of Spanish drama, with its first editions of Lope de Vega, and a manuscript of his "El Castigo Sin Venganza"—matched by the "El Brazil Restituido" in the New York Public Library, the only other Lope de Vega manuscript in America.

The New York Public Library has a theatre collection in which there are 65,000 plays in the main catalogue, and 10,000 more titles shelved in the Theatre Collection, not to speak of more than 140,000 volumes on stage and theatre generally. Alongside these must go, not as to any enormous mass but in a parallel distinction, the Wrenn Collection in the University of Texas Library. Among its 6,000 volumes are some 400 plays, including Shakespeare quartos and folios, early editions of Beaumont and Fletcher, an autographed Ben Jonson and other Elizabethan items, not to mention the collection of Restoration drama which shows, among its 326 items, first editions of all Dryden's plays and—what must surely be unexpected almost anywhere among dramatic treasures—the manuscripts of Keats's drama "Otho the Great" and of Byron's "Cain" and "Sardanapalus."

In far-off California—far off from what, shall we say Stratford on Avon?—among the brilliancies in the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, is, for example, one of the two extant copies of the first edition of "Hamlet." In the New York Museum of Natural History the Orient appears in Chinese marionettes and Javanese shadow figures, Japanese Nö masks and warrior costumes, masks and robes from Tibet and Africa. In the Library Company of Philadelphia there are play-bills that show the theatricals of the Revolutionary British officers during their occupancy of the town. And in the University of Oklahoma is a copy of the "School for Scandal" which Sheridan permitted Mr. B. Oakley to make longhand "at his lodgings in London in the year 1786," as well as a printed copy of "The Duenna," so rare that even the British Museum has not its duplicate.

As an instance of how these theatre collections have swept along, we may cite the McCord Theatre Museum of the Southern Methodist University at Dallas. The energy and imagination of its secretary, Mr. David Russell, did much toward this success; but the fact remains that this museum, beginning without any funds at all, has in four years amassed some 20,000 items, many of them unique.

Our oldest and most romantic theatre is that of the Southwest. On their magnificent journey northward the Spanish conquistadors brought with them the theatre of Spain's golden age, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Calderón, Alarcon. In the University of Texas collection of Spanish literature there are 10,000 Spanish plays of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and 400 Mexican plays. The first American performance of a European play was a satiric pageant given on the bank of the Rio Grande by a band of pioneer soldiers and settlers. The late Mary Austin not only traced the full establishment of this event, she also found—if you can believe it—the manuscript of the second known performance in the New World. It was the famous Spanish drama about the Moors and the Christians. This drama was performed on horseback in the Plaza of San Juan Pueblo, on July 10, 1598.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

Only a little more irritation will be required to organize the public against union labor, so that nothing bearing a union label can be sold. I have already started that course, and intend to buy foreign-made goods rather than buy merchandise made by un-American union labor.—*From a letter signed "American," dated from Landon, Md., appearing in The Washington Post.*

"Where Did the Negro Come From and Has He a Soul?" will be the subject at the First Baptist Church Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. You should be so happy that you have all your children that you will take them to the Lord's House Sunday. Is the Negro a beast or a human? This question will be answered at the First Baptist Church, Sunday evening, by the pastor.—*From an item in The Mena, Ark., Star.*

The Taxpayers' Club is a well organized body of voters from most every walk in life, and the only qualifications for membership is that you must be a taxpayer and voter, as well as a Virginia Gentleman and Lady of high degree.—*From a letter signed by O. P. Angelo, Secretary, the Taxpayers' Club, appearing in The Alexandria, Va., Gazette.*

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

We hasten to say that if the Inspector of a House Group is ordered by the party authorities to report on whether such and such a household or lodger owns a radio receiving set, and, if so, of what range or equipment, or again, if the inquiry concerns what newspaper is read by the household in question, his action must not in any way involve meddling in the private affairs of the families.—*From an article in the Stuttgarter National-Sozialistische Kurier, reprinted in The Living Age.*

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE

It is a strange coincidence that since President Roosevelt has been in office more floods, more dust storms, more earthquakes, more costly strikes, more major air-line disasters—in fact, more unprecedented climatic disturbances and feelings of unrest have happened during his administration than in any other previous administration.—*From a letter signed by Donald Lane in The Los Angeles, Calif., Times.*

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UP-THE-REBELS DEPARTMENT

Tyle Stevens and his sister, Mary Elizabeth, invited their friends to the Club Bali, all attired in beggars' rags. . . . They then took the subway to South Ferry—but not before Fletcher Godfrey had phoned the IRT first, asking to reserve a special private car. . . . The ragged bluebloods pleaded for alms from the other subway passengers. They then ferried to Staten Island, begging nickels and dimes en route. . . . At 2 A. M. they went to their homes, donned formal evening attire and returned to the Club Bali. The alms collected were sent to Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund.—*From Leonard Lyons' column in The New York Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Daniel Come to Judgment

SIR: Quite recently Mr. Justice J. C. McReynolds of the Supreme Court issued a statement to the effect that "every person ought to be a good loser."

I quite agree with him in that statement as a general proposition, but in making it he was shooting at the President, and the President has not had any litigation in any court in which Justice McReynolds was one of the judges, except litigation in which the President was trustee for about 130,000,000 people, and I disagree absolutely with Mr. Justice McReynolds in relation to a man being "a good loser" in such a case. Instead of being "a good loser" in such a case, it is his highest duty to exhaust every means that lies within his power to protect the interests of those 130,000,000 people, if in his opinion those interests have not been given the recognition to which they are entitled.

For this reason I applaud the President for his refusal to accept defeat without first exhausting every means within his power to obtain victory for those 130,000,000 people for whom he is trustee. Moreover, it should be kept in mind that the overwhelming majority of those 130,000,000 people who possess the right to vote have quite recently reaffirmed their trust and confidence in their great leader, and this renewed expression of their confidence imposes a new and additional burden on him to protect their interests as he understands and sees them, by exhausting every means within his power to secure their rights even to the extent of obtaining a new set of Justices to pass on them, just as General U. S. Grant and Abraham Lincoln did after the close of the Civil War. For this reason I am 100 percent in favor of President Roosevelt's plan to reorganize the Supreme Court. . . .

FRANCIS J. HENEY,
Judge, Superior Court,
Los Angeles, Calif. Los Angeles, California.

The Russian Trial

SIR: Let me extend my congratulations to Malcolm Cowley upon his balanced and convincing study of the text of the Russian trial [The New Republic, April 7]. It strikes me as the wisest piece of writing I have encountered on a difficult and painful subject.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR.

SIR: I was very glad of the chance to read Malcolm Cowley's analysis of the Moscow trials.

It seems to me that he has made a most helpful initial step to getting some clear ideas upon this perplexing enigma. Later on I hope he will keep in mind relating the internal difficulties of Soviet Russia with the change of line. Certainly, the history of the world would have been different if the popular-front tactics had been adopted ten years earlier. Even away back in 1926, when I happened to be in the USSR, the problem of filling Lenin's place was very apparent. There was also the difficulty of relaxing from the discipline and secrecy necessitated by the civil war to allowing oppositions with rights of publishing and discussing. One feels that however unfairly Trotsky may have been treated, he would have meted out exactly the same treatment to Stalin if he had won in the tussle for control of the party machine.

He will probably be assailed from both sides but I think Mr. Cowley's piece was a necessary and thought-provoking summary of the situation which will help us to clear up our heads in this matter.

MARK STARR, Educational Director,
International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.
New York City.

SIR: Don't you think Mr. Cowley is understating the facts when he compares Napoleon with Cromwell and Stalin? Let us take Cromwell. To give us an idea of the man, Mr. Wells in his "Outline of History" quotes one sentence about his "country-cut clothes," giving the impression (which is certainly Mr. Wells's own) that Cromwell was a bluff "man of the People." But the whole point of Cromwell was that he was a cadet of one of the very wealthiest of the new millionaire families. The "Cromwells" (an assumed name) had built up their enormous and ill gotten fortune on the loot of religion. Cromwell's real name was Williams. The original Williams, his great-grandfather, was the favorite nephew of that Thomas Cromwell, the money lender, who was the author of the policy of looting religion, and who heavily endowed that favorite nephew with monastic lands. It was true that he was only the son of a cadet and therefore enjoyed but a small part of the family fortunes.

But he came out of the very heart of the new millionaires. When he is represented as some rough fellow sprung from the core of the populace and "trying to do his best for England and the revolutionary classes," it is history of the worst sort; not only badly wrong in fact but in tendency and motive. . . .

Detroit, Mich. O. J. BONDY.

SIR: Congratulations on your article on the Moscow trial. The amount of nonsense that has been written by Trotsky sympathizers and others on this event has been so great that it is good to see your clear statement.

New Haven, Conn. JEROME DAVIS.

SIR: It is refreshing to come across a sane discussion of this subject [the Moscow trials] amid the general insanity which that unfortunate event seems to have brought about, and which seems to infect everyone who touches it.

Also, it is very encouraging to come across an independent judgment at a time when independence of judgment is at a discount and conformity in one form or another seems to be the supreme virtue.

New York City. L. B. BOUDIN.

SIR: I can't help saying that parts II and III of your piece are magnificent. But hell, that's all some of us joined the Committee for the Defense of Trotsky for: to get such an attitude expressed, and accepted by Americans. The Anna Louise Strong sort of thing—ecstatic adoration for Stalin as father-image—has been sticking in my crop for a long time. I hope you've helped to kill that attitude. It's time the American radical movement got back to work without bothering about "socialism in one country" for Russia or the world revolution in China. No father-images!

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.
New York City.

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How Bad Are American Books?

[In The New Republic of March 24, as a postscript to his review of Kipling's autobiography, Edmund Wilson wrote an attack on American bookmaking. "The format and typography of American books," he said, "must at present be the worst in the world." We submitted Wilson's article to five of the prominent American book designers, asking each of them for a brief comment. The letters printed below were written by M. B. Glick of The Viking Press, Ernst Reichl of the H. Wolff Book Manufacturing Company, Robert Josephy, a free-lance designer, Philip Van Doren Stern of Simon and Schuster, and Joseph Blumenthal of The Spiral Press. —THE EDITORS.]

SIR: In The New Republic of March 24, Mr. Edmund Wilson severely criticized the appearance of American books. To those who are working to produce these books more attractively and with better materials, his forthright comments are welcome.

Although it is difficult to agree with the breadth of Mr. Wilson's generalizations, and with some of his specific objections, the violence of his rebuke is therapeutic, for we are struggling against the inertia of those publishers who aver that critics and the public do not care what their books look like. It is good to know that Mr. Wilson cares very much.

Perhaps it may be pointed out that it is the German books produced during the 1920's rather than the more recent ones which really stand out as the best in the world; that to many persons whose tastes differ from Mr. Wilson's, English books are stodgy-looking; that, excepting expensive illustrated editions, the paper, type and printing of French books are much below the American average; that a few American publishers are giving careful attention to bookmaking, and that it is only these few whose names are to be found recurring during the past ten years in selections of the Fifty Books of the Year.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts sponsors the yearly Fifty Books Exhibition as well as a monthly selection of the most distinguished trade edition, under the title "Book Clinic Award." Thus an attempt is made to acquaint the public with our best-made books, which unquestionably stand comparison with those of other nations.

Of the criticisms which can justly be made of American bookmaking, Mr. Wilson has singled out two of the most important: 1. Excessive size and thickness of our books. 2. Inadequate proofreading. His strictures should be taken as a signal for a general readers' demand that these two disgraceful practices be remedied.

New York City. M. B. GLICK.

SIR: I have read Mr. Wilson's article aloud to the last meeting of the Book Clinic, an informal association of designers and production men interested in well made trade books, but I do not expect any results from it. All of us have to do as we are told; only the book reviewer, who has some influence upon sales, reaches the ear of the publisher.

If Mr. Wilson does not like the way American books are produced he has no one to blame but himself, and book reviewers in general. Every theatre critic considers it his duty to view a production as a whole, but book reviewers seem to consider it beneath their dignity to fuss about something as trivial as cheap paper, or a sloppy binding job. Theirs is the only potent voice in the whole book-production world, and they are not interested. How can they expect anything better than what they are getting if they don't speak up?

I dislike to weaken Mr. Wilson's attack upon the prevailing American sloppiness in book manufacturing by pointing out that he is unjust in several instances; let the people on whose toes he has trodden do that themselves. I should like to say, however, that I do not share his predilection for foreign-made books. The average English trade book is very bad indeed, hard to read, flimsy and full of misprints. Nobody knows that better than the American book designer whose every effort for improvement is scotched by the publisher's insistence upon following the English book.

As far as German books go, I really wonder whether Mr. Wilson has seen the more recent output. Adulterated cloth, thread, glue, ink and paper is the rule; the use of genuine materials is prohibited by law. The best designers, illustrators, printers and binders have left Germany, and German books begin to show the result. There are, of course, exceptions, but considerably fewer than from the bad American bookmaking of today which Mr. Wilson deplores.

New York City. ERNST REICHL.

SIR: Edmund Wilson's remarks about American book-making are very welcome. If more of our critics took the trouble to comment on the physical characteristics of books, perhaps the average publisher would not look upon what he calls "manufacturing" as a trivial part of his business.

There is at present a widespread interest in book production among the younger publishing workers, and the designers are, I think, seeing the problem of the machine-made book with increasing clarity. Its solution depends, of course, on choosing materials, proportions and type-faces best suited to methods of production, and best fitted to produce a handsome, convenient, durable and inexpensive object. In most cases the money available would produce such books: of suitable, compact format and still without small type or crowding.

Why then do most books fail to meet these requirements? Because most publishers insist arbitrarily, in the name of "merchandising," on ever larger and fatter books. This means soft, thick, inflated paper, which prints badly, binds badly and disintegrates rapidly; it means skimping in workmanship at every step. And it means clumsier, uglier, more perishable books.

These cultivated gentlemen, who hold responsible places in the intellectual leadership of their time, go on perpetrating this childish fraud—sacrificing the interests of all their customers to tempt the stupidest and most gullible. When they finally profit by the example of the less erudite and less cynical merchants of other industries, and permit the designers to make full use of their technical resources to improve their product, the customer and the reviewer may get a break.

ROBERT JOSEPHY.

New York City.

SIR: I have earned for myself, I am afraid, a reputation in the publishing trade for being a harsh and uncompromising critic of American book production. I should have been heartily in accord with Mr. Wilson's blast against American standards of bookmaking if he had confined himself simply to saying that American books are, in general, poorly designed and not well made. But when he holds up to us for admiration the books of other countries I must part company with him. German books, which he considers the best in the world, are no longer what they used to be. The blight of Nazi "culture" has touched them, as it has every other artistic product of Germany. French books, which he says are so charming, are good only in the expensive, limited-edition classifications—the average French book is printed without even an attempt at distinction on paper of a grade used only in pulp magazines in this country. English books, like American books, vary considerably. Some few English houses turn out consistently well made books, but the general run of books in that country is no better than, and perhaps not so good as, it is in this.

Mr. Wilson, it seems to me, has fallen into the error of comparing the average, run-of-the-mill American book with the best books of Europe—not with the standard product. Such a comparison is manifestly unfair.

New York City. PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN.

SIR: I appreciate your writing me for not more than 200 words of comment on Edmund Wilson's attack on American bookmaking, which I enjoyed when it appeared. However, the limitations you impose would enable me to say no more than that I agree or disagree with Mr. Wilson, without reasons or qualifications. I can't do that any more than Lincoln Steffens could answer "yes" or "no" on the witness stand to the question, "Do you believe in communism?" But then typographic prejudices are not so important as political convictions, except to a few of us, and 1,500 words on book-making would obviously be 1,300 too many for The New Republic. Thanks, anyhow, and forgive me for having taken 130 words to say I can't.

New York City. JOSEPH BLUMENTHAL.

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Advance and Be Recognized

SIR: In these days of multiple relief agencies, a clear definition of aim by each such organization is imperative. Within the past ten days one such agency has announced itself under two names—as the American Committee for Spanish Relief and as the Non-Partisan American Committee for Spanish Relief. This organization is now establishing branches in the principal American cities. According to an item in The New York Times of April 10, the Committee is soliciting funds without bias as regards the civil war in Spain and on the pledge that its relief will be given to "needy victims of the Spanish civil war, regardless of political allegiance."

The same committee, however, was reported in The Baltimore Sun of April 6 as follows:

> New York, April 5 (AP)—The first American relief organization planning to serve in territory held by General Francisco Franco in Spain, opened headquarters here today.
>
> The new group, headed by Basil Harris, vice-president of the International Mercantile Marine Company, with Ogden H. Hammond, former American Ambassador to Spain, as treasurer, is called the American Committee for Spanish Relief.
>
> A spokesman at its headquarters said it will be active only in "nationalist" territory—areas held by the insurgent armies—but would render aid to all sufferers, regardless of their sympathies, in those regions.
>
> The committee will compete for funds and supplies with about five national organizations coördinated under the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy.

Obviously, this puts an entirely different light on the nature of the American Committee for Spanish Relief from what one gets from The New York Times's story. The committee has the right, of course, to raise money for insurgent relief, and no one can doubt the need for such aid in the rebel area. The point is, however, that the American people should not be asked to contribute money to "non-partisan" relief if it is unlikely that a substantial part of the money so raised will go to help the needy on the loyalist side. In view of the pro-Franco program announced by the committee, as well as the fact that both its chairman and treasurer have been publicly identified with pro-Franco activities in New York City, it would seem that the public is entitled to a more forthright statement on the committee's intentions.

New York City. ROBERT S. LYND.

The Next Crusade

SIR: I have noticed of late a tendency among liberals—some liberals—toward the same sort of psychology, or psycho-pathology, that got us into the World War: the urge to go a-crusading or to bluff the Evil Powers with threats of a crusade—threats more than likely to lead to a tragic fulfilment in another harvest of death and unpaid debts.

I grant—none more readily—that fascism is much more genuinely Satanic than Kaiserism ever was or ever dreamed of becoming, that democracy is far more threatened in Europe than in 1917. But I question profoundly whether this country should run the risk of becoming a cat's-paw again for bourgeois-Tory democracies whose future course is very uncertain. I'm not ready to fight for them yet. Are you? Perhaps, again, we would send and not go.

ALEX MATHEWS ARNETT.

Greensboro, N. C.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John Reed Steele, of Syracuse, New York, sends us the correspondence dealing with a little adventure in journalistic truth telling. Mr. Steele read in the December 26 issue of News-Week an odd item saying that book counters in Moscow were no longer offering for sale John Reed's book, "Ten Days That Shook the World." This sounded more than faintly improbable, so he took the trouble to write and ask the source of this news. The magazine replied the information came from a clipping from The London Daily Telegraph, on which the exact date was blurred beyond legibility, but it was early in December, 1936. Mr. Steele followed right on through and wrote to The London Telegraph, which said: "In reply to your letter of the 15th, ult., our Librarian has had careful search made and reports that the article to which you refer did not appear in our columns." Mr. Steele wonders if anti-Soviet items arise by a kind of spontaneous combustion.

On the literary front, Cyril Clemens, president of the International Mark Twain Society, Webster Groves, Missouri, writes that he is engaged upon a biography of Bill Arp (Charles Henry Smith, 1826-1903) similar in scope to his studies of Josh Billings and Petroleum Nasby and he would be glad to hear from anyone who may have or know of relevant material. . . . The Anisfield Award Committee announces that in addition to an award of $1,000 for the best book in the field of race relationships there is now available a $500 grant for assistance in completing a study of race relations during 1937-38. Inquiries should be addressed to Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, care of The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. . . . Horace Gregory tells us of a new semi-annual volume, "New Letters in America," which he will edit and W. W. Norton and Company will publish. The contents will consist of unpublished verse and prose by able young American writers and those interested should submit manuscripts or send letters to Mr. Gregory in care of the Norton company at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Upton Sinclair was so impressed with our special supplement "The Press and the Public," in the issue of March 17 that he insists we should do the same thing for the magazines. He says the magazines were repudiated in the campaign quite as much as the newspapers and believes American periodicals carry an inordinate amount of conservative political propaganda.

Students at Harvard University who are concentrating in the social sciences have arranged to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 by holding a student constitutional convention, with delegates chosen from the student body to represent all forty-eight states, on April 30 and May 1. Felix F. Stumpf, a member of the organizing committee, writes us that the student convention will "consider possible alterations of the American form of government, fitting it to modern economic needs."

R. McKay writes all the way from Sydney, Australia, to chide Miss Dorothy Dudley for showing too low an opinion of Napoleon in her review of Octave Aubry's book, "St. Helena," in the issue of January 6. Michael Sayers, of Westport, Connecticut, matches George Bernard Shaw's own intemperance by referring to G. B. S. as an "intellectual ruffian," while Flora B. Crowther, of Ashtabula, Ohio, thinks Benedetto Croce underestimates the political competence of the masses.

What's on the Air?

Station EAQ No. 2 in Madrid, which is heard on the short-wave band at 9.48 megacycles or 31.65 meters, has announced a series of daily news broadcasts in English at 7:30 P.M. giving news direct from the front, in addition to interviews and talks in English on Monday nights at 8 o'clock and Tuesdays and Fridays at 9.

Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College, Dr. Ada Comstock, W. Parmer Fuller, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul and others at Mills College celebration. Saturday, April 24, 3:45 to 4:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Major-General Edward M. Markham, Chief of the United States Army Engineers, and Secretary of War Harry Woodring discuss inland waterways in the United States. Monday, April 26, 12 to 12:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace is chief speaker on the National Farm and Home hour. Tuesday, April 27, 1:30 to 2:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical programs of the week include the regular Promenade concert on Sunday evenings from 8 to 9 o'clock, NBC-Blue Network; Frank Black conducting the NBC String Symphony, Wednesday, April 28, 9 to 10 P. M., NBC-Blue Network, and Howard Hanson directing the Rochester Civic Orchestra at the American Music Festival, Thursday, April 29, 10:30 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times up to Sunday, April 25, are Eastern Standard; on and after that date, Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Weather Report

The Years, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN 1880 it was an uncertain spring and clouds of blue and purple were flying over England. In 1891 the autumn wind blew in England, twitching the leaves off the trees. In 1907 it was midsummer and the nights were hot. In 1908, on the other hand, it was March and the wind was blowing. In 1910 it was neither hot nor cold; in 1911 the sun rose; in 1913 snow fell. In 1914 it was radiant spring in London, but in the north there was rain. In 1917 it was very cold, and in 1918 rather misty. In "the present day" the sky was tinged with gold, and then the sky looked quiet, and then the stars came out, and finally the sun rose again.

I wonder if there has ever been a novel in which the weather was so frequently mentioned. Time Magazine said that in the beginning of "The Waves," "you are treated to a description of dawn over the British coast." In "The Years" you are treated—it seems exactly the right word—to a description of the weather at the opening of each of the eleven sections, and there are innumerable subsequent references. The descriptions are, it is needless to say, beautifully done.

Between reports we are introduced to the Pargiter family—Colonel Pargiter and his sons and daughters, Eleanor, Delia, Morris, Edward, Rose, Warren; their cousins, Maggie and Sara, and Kitty; the second generation, chiefly Peggy and North. Time passes. It does not march on; it merely slips by. Pargiters grow older. Some die. Others survive, and these gather, in "the present day," at a party, like Proust's great party at the end of "The Past Recaptured," so that we can see what time has done to them and learn what they think about time.

No one needs to be told how delicately Mrs. Woolf does all this, how effortlessly her prose moves, how amiably her characters are introduced to us. It is a quiet world, this of the Pargiters, and if the colonel keeps a mistress, and Rose is in need of psychoanalysis, and Sara is perhaps a little queer, and North goes away to war, you may be sure there is no violent outcry. Everything must be a little hushed, so that Mrs. Woolf can concentrate upon time. Proust was concerned with the objective changes that had been wrought with the passage of time. Mrs. Woolf pays little attention to external change, and she is not particularly occupied with the effect of the events of fifty-five years on the minds of the Pargiters. Her search is for something more elusive, more abstract than that—the effect of the mere passage of time in itself, the altered perspectives and attitudes that it brings.

More than a decade ago Mrs. Woolf wrote an essay called "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown," in which, if I remember correctly, she attacked the realistic novelists, maintaining that, in their preoccupation with masses of superficial details, life escaped them. There was some justice, certainly, in her attack, but how did she hypnotize us into believing that life did not elude her? For by now it is obvious that "life"—in almost any conceivable sense of the word—is just what is not in Virginia Woolf's novels. It is precisely by the exclusion of the everyday details—of which a good deal of life, after all, is composed—that she gets her effects. And it is not only the bread-and-butter facts, so trivial and so essential, that she banishes from her world; vast ranges of both thought and emotion are just as rigorously barred. Can it be doubted by now that Mrs. Woolf is not interested in life? She writes about it in a way, of course, but only because it is a convenient excuse for beautiful descriptions of, let us say, the weather.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Esthetic Instinct

Art and Society, by Herbert Read. New York: The Macmillan Company. 300 pages, illustrated. $4.

MR. READ'S new book is a very earnest and provocative volume. It assembles many important observations by the author and by others bearing upon the nature of artistic activity. And its hundred expertly chosen illustrations of various artistic modes would alone make it worth its price.

Yet I feel that it is a profoundly misleading book. Whereas every phenomenon that Mr. Read notes *is* a manifestation of art, the misfortune arises from the fact that his names for the locating of these phenomena are all slightly askew, thereby making a little difference that makes all the difference. A less penetrating discussion would be far less dangerous.

For one thing, his thesis contrives to reaffirm, in however attenuated form, the genesis of art in a "seething cauldron" of the unconscious, a kind of internal hell towards which the artist makes journeys (and from which he returns, like an inverted Swedenborg, to report of his visions, by "compromise," to his duller companions, who could not understand or tolerate them in their chemical purity). "Art, like murder, will out," says Mr. Read, in pleading for art as an instinctive activity that must be free of moralistic pressure. He reaffirms the Freudian thesis that art has its source in a "pleasure principle," as distinct from a "reality principle." In the course of so doing, he implies that the motives of artist and non-artist are distinct. He assists in bolstering up the Spenglerian emphasis, that equates art with the virginal and childlike. And he gets from the individual to the universal by suggesting that all artists' ultimate intuitions run in the same underground channel. With none of which one could enter head-on objections.

At every point the slight dislocation of his namings does damage. Thus, he complains convincingly against the capitalistically engendered zeal for thinking of art in terms of its marketability, its availability as a commodity—yet his own book is concerned exclusively with the commercially negotiable aspects of art: art *objects*. Such an approach to the subject is an impoverishment, even a slander, since it automatically invites us to pass over without evaluation such unmarketable forms of artistry as we may note in the vital anonymous contributions being made to popular speech, in a statesman's or labor leader's tactics, in comments at an amateur ball game, in the postures and gestures all about us. Art *objects* are but the condensation or crystallization of artistic aptitudes. A commodity such as a dialogue by Plato arose from a texture of Socratic conversation completely lost as a commodity, but "esthetic" none the less.

Such considerations get us to perhaps the most disastrous confusion of all. This seems to stem from a double usage in his concept of the "esthetic" impulse. Sometimes the esthetic refers to a "universal" and "constant" attribute of men—at other times it refers to an "exceptional" attribute, possessed only by a few outstanding individuals in any given age. It is a confusion customary to writers on this subject, who on occasion mean, by the artistic, *all art, any art, good, bad, indifferent* (such as a "universal" and "constant" instinctive activity would have to subsume)—and then again they

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secretly rope off their term to designate only *"good"* art.

The point is not made for mere purposes of heckling. It is made because the issue, as presented by Mr. Read, would throw us radically off the track, in our attempts to discuss the relationship between art and society. In part, I believe, his misrepresentations of this relationship arise because he has selected plastic and graphic art, rather than drama, as his point of departure. There is probably no fundamental distinction between them. What you found by studying one field should apply in studying the other. But it so happens that, with the exception of such concepts as *empathy* (which I do not remember Mr. Read's even mentioning here in his discussion of artistic production and appeal), the analysis of plastic and graphic art has approached its subject through the coördinates of elegance and appreciation rather than the coördinates of action and participation. The fault is not with the plastic or graphic works themselves, but with the "commodity" vocabularies critics have traditionally employed in discussing them. If, on the other hand, you start out to detect the "esthetic" from the standpoint of *drama,* you are less tempted by this tradition, and more free to realize that only a small portion of the drama going on in the world arrives at its ultimate commodity stage in formal offerings.

Again, approached from the standpoint of drama, Mr. Read's drastic distinctions between the "intuitive" and the "moral" or "abstract" simply dissolve, thereby emancipating you from his attempts to equate the infantile with a "deeper wisdom." One could tentatively imagine three levels, the abstract, the intimate and the "instinctive." A character (conceived out of an artist's relationships with people) may be shown to embody a point of view (*i. e.,* a philosophy, a morality, related to the "abstract level"). And if the character and his point of view are conceived with thoroughness, the artist may endow him with appropriate mimetic expression (derived from the "instinctive," or "biological," or "visceral," or "unconscious" level—as when the glandular responses of anger give rise to corresponding skeletal postures and muscular expression, while these in turn require verbal or tonal expressions in keeping). And we believe that the organization of action in a painting could be discussed similarly. If the artist feels a given emotion, in response to a given set of moral judgments, he will be moved to round out his expression with appropriate mimetics. And in doing so, he will draw upon the "seething cauldron" of the unconscious, quite as does an inventor, a speaker or an athlete. As for the fact that one man may discern vaster situations than another, or symbolize them with greater depth, complexity, accuracy—you do not "explain" anything by naming the difference "esthetic." You could with as much profit call one man's way of conducting his business more "esthetic" than another's.

In particular, I believe that Mr. Read has employed overly individualistic coördinates in his discussion of artistic processes. He tends to consider communication as essentially a "compromise" between the individual and his audience. And with mystic hankerings, he appears to assume a vision seen by the artist independently of the communicative medium. Is it not, rather, true that the mind of the individual artist is so thoroughly infused with public matter that his ways of seeing, and his desires for "self-expression," are themselves molded by the communicative medium? Otherwise stated: the content of the "unconscious" is not an object that one can go and look at. Like the universe, it can be charted only in accordance with the vocabularies and meanings already shaped by the public, communicative frame. There is, even in such a view, still room for some mystic kind of "seeing around the corner," an inkling beyond the counters of everyday speech and logical thought. But it is to be attained *atop* the adult world, not *beneath* it. And if you must think of art as "instinctive," let the infantile connotations of your term be tested by examining the highly moralistic elements in Shakespeare (and going from this to their more tenuous expression in forms and colors)—rather than using Mr. Read's deceptive approach, leading to superrealism as his ideal art. A different approach would suggest, rather, that superrealism is the overstressing of one ingredient in art.

KENNETH BURKE.

Inflation Period

Three Comrades, by Erich Maria Remarque. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

THERE is a generation that Gertrude Stein called lost, a phrase often heard during the last twenty years but one Mr. Remarque does not once use in his new book, and does not need to use. It would occur to any literate person who reads the story of the three comrades and their circle, men now about thirty, who had gone to the front as boys of sixteen and eighteen. The past, their first real practice in living, was killing and being killed; what had gone before was theory without validity in the trenches. In the world of defeat to which they returned after the Armistice, chaos was king; employees in industry were paid twice a day and given time at noon to spend their millions of marks before they were possibly worthless at sundown. For the thinking and feeling among them, propagation, plans, ties, were out of the question—there was no future; suspended in history, without roots or branches, the youth of the country resumed existence.

For the emotional core of his book, as in "All Quiet," Mr. Remarque uses the deep impersonal comradeship of three men—Robert Lohkamp, Gottfried Lenz and Otto Köster —plus Karl, the speed marvel, a car that looks like a pile of junk but has the most wonderful lungs, and Patricia Hollmann, the girl who looks like the latest streamlined model but has very bad lungs indeed. The moving love story of Robby and Patricia is secondary to the mood and scene; it is as though sanity and safety lay in the diffused wider relationship. Robby, the narrator, is versatile but not brilliant. He has raced cars, played the piano in a house of prostitution, made his precarious living in many ways. Now he and his two friends run a filling station and automobile-repair shop; the three have their mechanical skill, the wonderful Karl and a rebuilt Cadillac with which to make their fortunes and, above all, a genius for gay, honest rascality. Patricia's choice of the slow, kindly Robby is accepted without resentment by his more brilliant comrades; the fortunes of the lovers are the fortunes of all. When winter kills the flowers in the public parks, Köster leads Robby to a sheltered monastery garden to steal bouquets for his love. And when cash is desperately needed to keep Patricia in comfort at the sanitarium during her last days, the friendship of Köster extends even to the surreptitious sale of Karl to provide the funds. Of the five friends only two are left; Patricia is dead, Karl sold, Lenz killed by four young ruffians after a political meeting. The "young bastards who were still in their cradles then" are arrogantly roaming the streets, sure of powerful protection, building a future from which Robby and his kind must flee.

Comparisons with other books about war derelicts keep cropping up while one is reading Mr. Remarque's story—

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most persistently Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises." The sense of emasculation, though spiritual, is as definite; the constant drinking and talk about drinking as prevalent (one begins in the first few pages to wonder whether German drinks are smaller than our own, or whether the counting is different; it seems incredible that the characters can put away as much as they claim); the aged hope and the young despair: "How old are you?" Patricia's doctor asks Robby. "Thirty. . . ." "Thirty," the doctor repeats. "I'll be sixty soon, now . . . but I would still try everything." Yet in spite of striking similarities, the tone of this new book is quieter, the wit less brittle, the living more intimately portrayed, almost homely.

B. E. Bettinger.

On Being Black

A Long Way from Home, by Claude McKay. New York: Lee Furman. 354 pages. $3.

CLAUDE McKAY has traveled a long way from the hills of his native Jamaica. He has lived and worked in America, Europe and Africa. As well as mingling with workaday folk, he has met some of the world's great—writers like Frank Harris, Max Eastman, Sinclair Lewis, Bernard Shaw and James Weldon Johnson; revolutionists like Trotsky, Lunacharsky, Radek and Katayama; artists like Paul Robeson, Isadora Duncan and George Grosz; and reformers like Sylvia Pankhurst and W. E. B. DuBois. And all the while he was forging ahead as the most prolific of creative writers among Negroes. He wrote "Home to Harlem" in France, "Banjo" in Spain, short stories in Morocco, and poems everywhere he went.

The story of these travels, his reactions to the people he met and his experiences as artist and worker, are recounted with candor, and sometimes with bitterness, in this significant and readable autobiography of a black man in a white world. Mr. McKay has seen the raw material of that world, naked and unabashed. He has felt the heel of European imperialism upon his neck. He has tasted the "bread of bitterness" which America feeds her black citizenry. He has felt the "hot breath of . . . hellish hate."

Nevertheless, in the midst of all this he has known beauty and the joy of living, as some of his finer poems attest. For Claude McKay this ability to enjoy life was made possible, paradoxically enough, by his intense color consciousness. Instead of being thwarted by his black skin or being submerged in blind and sterile hate, Mr. McKay was spurred to greater effort. Shaw advised him to forsake poetry for pugilism. But a poet he would be, a black poet, determined that in his case the adjective black should not be synonymous with second-rate.

As a solution of the problems of the Negro in America, the author urges "group aggregation," which he differentiates from segregation. This is a position which in recent years Dr. W. E. B. DuBois has taken. However, among Negroes generally, the basic demand is for integration. Separation has been accepted only as an expedient. Even the Negro church, the race's oldest and strongest institution in this country, was born only after it became painfully evident that there was room in the white church for neither Christ nor Negroes.

For his critics of whatever political or racial hue, he has a word; indeed, many a ringing word. He swings lustily at smug whites whose view of the Negro is peculiarly distorted. Toward Left critics who have disowned him, he is no less belligerent. Nor does he pull his punches in answering the criticism of middle-class Negroes whose prissy sensitivities were offended by his "Home to Harlem." For all these, "A Long Way from Home" should reveal new facets of the perplexities of being black.

Henry Lee Moon.

Wagner: The Years of Revolt

The Life of Richard Wagner: Volume II: 1848-1860, by Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 666 pages. $5.

FOUR YEARS have intervened since the first volume of this work; and the delay is inherent in the very nature of what Newman is doing. Previous biographies of Wagner have been what Newman calls *fable convenue;* he is the first to reconstruct the life and period of Wagner from source material. The mere quantity and complexity of the material would make this way of destroying legend and establishing truth difficult enough; but in addition there is the fact that the letters and other documents are only gradually being made available. Newman explains that his second volume has been delayed by the constant inflow of new material, until he has decided to wait no longer, but to leave future disclosures to future editions.

To the process of writing this book Newman has again brought the necessary industry and patience, his eye for what is significant, his ability to piece details together and weld them into clear, arresting narrative, and a lifetime of absorption in his subject. Since he offers the book as an example of the correct biographical process that he opposes to the usual *fable convenue* and to the work of Glasenapp, who "is so blind a partisan that his interpretation of a document, the amount of selection he may make from it, or the general use to which he may put it, can never be relied on," it is pertinent to recall that in the four years' interval we have had from Newman a book on Liszt in which it has appeared that in his intense desire to correct a legendary falsehood he too may misuse a document. His book on Wagner is, then, not to be regarded as final; but with that reservation one may safely allow oneself to be fascinated by it.

All Wagner's thought and action in 1848-49 originated in the working and frustration of his powerful artistic impulses—in the fact that in the theatre, as conductor and as composer, he encountered inadequate artistic resources and a theatre bureaucracy which resisted attempts at change; and that outside the theatre his mind was oppressed by increasing financial difficulties which arose out of the wretched economic status of the musician at this period. Thus, it was in the summer of 1848 that out of his reading of Germanic history and legend there began to take shape in his mind a drama about Siegfried and the Nibelungen Hoard—a drama in which the legend was given symbolic significance as a conflict between principles of good and evil, and what was so symbolized was essentially the conflict between Wagner and his world. And this drama itself sharpened the conflict. For, as Newman points out, even at this time when Wagner had only the dimmest notion of how such a text as "Siegfried's Death" could be translated into music, he knew that the opera would break with every musical and dramatic tradition of the German stage as it then existed, and therefore could not be produced on this stage. A new theatre was needed—one capable of giving things like "Siegfried's Death," and in this way of contributing to the regeneration of Germany. But first, he realized, a regenerated Germany was needed, which would

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regenerate the theatre. The existing order offered him nothing; "a political and social upheaval would bring about a condition of affairs in which his ideal of the relation of art to life could be realized." Moreover, with his mind "ranging excitedly over the whole world of history and legend, of musical history, or poetic, dramatic and musical esthetic," he was less able to tolerate the irritations of his everyday life and work; and so "out of a combination of idealism, sheer desperation, nervous excitement and ill temper, he now plunged up to his neck into the political agitation of the time"—which is to say he wrote, spoke, and played a prominent role in the actual uprising.

With the failure of the revolution Wagner abandoned that way to the achievement of his artistic ends, and even found it expedient to minimize the extent and the political intent of his participation. For he wanted desperately to be amnestied and to get back into Germany, in order to supervise the productions of his operas in the smaller theatres and to work for productions in the larger ones. That his works were produced in Germany at all indicates the interest he now commanded. He was, says Newman, the most discussed musician in Germany; and the discussion was developing into bitter controversy. Artistic propaganda was only one of his occupations in these years of exile; another was artistic creation: he completed the text of the "Ring" trilogy and the music through the second act of "Siegfried"; and this work for the theatre of the future he interrupted to write "Tristan und Isolde." All this he accomplished while distracted by numerous difficulties. His wife Minna had no understanding of him as an artist or a man; this made for bitterness and violence over what she regarded as his folly; and it made for more bitterness and violence over what she regarded as his vulgar affairs with women to whom he was attracted because of the understanding and sympathy they gave him. And with his return to Paris in 1859 the second volume ends.

B. H. Haggin.

War from the Air

Air Power and Armies, by J. C. Slessor. New York: The Oxford University Press. 251 pages, maps. $4.

IN THIS grimly objective military analysis of the tactics and strategy of air warfare, a Wing Commander of the Royal Air Force explodes a number of myths regarding the supremacy of the airplane as a battle-arm. Utilizing the restricted experiences of the last War, but applying them with great skill to modern conditions, Mr. Slessor tries—without more than a perfunctory reference to moral, ethical or political factors—to drive home a number of lessons of considerable technical significance. Backed up by detailed study of numerous concrete incidents and situations he tells us, for example: (1) That in themselves, and without the firm support of powerful land forces directed towards clearly established objectives, airplanes are virtually useless in a long campaign. This is a point well brought out by the recent Guadalajara offensive of the Spanish loyalists. (2) That "dog-fights"—war *in* the air between individual fighters—unless they are tactically unavoidable, fulfill little more than a silly romantic purpose. The important thing here is to make war *from* the air. (3) That airports and hangars behind the lines are the very worst places for planes, which can thus be destroyed *en masse* by attack squadrons: it is far safer, if less convenient, to camouflage and park machines in the open and all over the landscape. (4) That indiscriminate aerial bombardment directed *solely* against men and morale, rapidly loses its edge—unless followed up, again, by concerted land artillery, tank and infantry attack implemented by the deadly machine gun. And (5) that the tactically correct use of the airplane is in the damage it can inflict upon the enemy's *production system* behind the lines: factories, warehouses, arsenals, munitions dumps, reservoirs, communications, etc.

It is a pity that this instructive volume contains nothing on the new technique of "air infantry" as developed by the Soviets, that it refers in only the briefest terms to the factor of chemical warfare, and underestimates the factor of mass armies.

Harold Ward.

The Steel Industry

The Economics of the Iron and Steel Industry, by C. R. Daugherty, M. G. de Chazeau and S. S. Stratton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 2 vols., 1,238 pages. $12.

THERE is little doubt that these two volumes constitute the ablest study on the iron and steel industry that has appeared in this country. The initial purpose of the study was a critical examination of the NRA Steel Code, but with the invalidation of the NRA, the authors broadened out to include other phases of the industry besides its behavior under the Code.

One fact stands out through the intricacies of the study: the pre-code price-fixing practices of the industry were taken over *in toto* by the Code and legalized, and the control manifested by the huge steel corporations in pre-code days was likewise enforced through the Code Authority (the members of which were headed by Irvin of U. S. Steel, Schwab of Bethlehem and Weir of National Steel). The nine largest steel companies controlled practically 52 percent of the vote of the Code Authority.

The Code Authority showed itself most proficient in one important matter: price-fixing and price-control. The evidence presented by the authors indicates that such price-control was carried on under the Code with an efficiency unknown in pre-code days.

As far as the minimum-wage and maximum-hour provisions of the Code were concerned, it should be said to the credit of the industry that compliance by steel companies was uniformly good. "Chiseling" on wages was uncommon, and the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week were entirely eliminated.

The provisions of the Steel Code designed to encourage genuine collective bargaining (Section 7-a of the NRA law) were quite ineffectual against the industry's efforts, during the life of the Code. The A.F. of L. movements in the field were piteously inadequate, and the National Steel Labor Relations Board was virtually useless. But curiously enough, the study indicates that the inauguration and promotion of company unions turned out to be decisive steps toward industrial unionism.

The company unions gave the first taste of collective bargaining (such as it was) to employees and aided in making such employees "union-minded." The encouragement by governmental agencies (admittedly slight) led to an acceleration of union sentiment. The seeds of collective bargaining had been planted in the steel industry, and it remained for the employees alone to nurture them. The tie-up between the Amalgamated Association and the CIO was the result. The authors conclude that the logic of the steel industry's operations is such that vertical rather than craft unionism is called for.

Space does not permit discussion of the technical aspects

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of the study, including a very acute analysis of the basing-point system in the industry. The study is undoubtedly a significant contribution to the field. It was financed by the Brookings Institution, the Maurice and Laura Falk Foundation and the University of Pittsburgh.

A. A. IMBERMAN.

Reckless Adventure

Desert Encounter, by Knud Holmboe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 285 pages. $3.

I DO NOT feel that Professor Driberg of Cambridge went too far when he said that in Holmboe's premature murder by casual Arab bandits, Denmark and the world had lost a potential T. E. Lawrence. The reason we have lost him is that this brilliant, heroic and likable young Dane possessed almost every quality requisite to becoming a great explorer-adventurer—except dull, methodical, rule-of-thumb prudence. Anybody who has adventured off the track in North Africa or Arabia or who has stayed at home and specialized in reading books about it will know exactly what I mean before he has turned a hundred pages of this book—which is well worth reading. Doughty, Philby, Gertrude Bell, René Caillé, Raswan, Musil (and of course Lawrence) all risked their lives hundreds of times and would have lost them dozens of times, as the Irish say, if they hadn't taken all the matter-of-fact precautions. Young Holmboe almost never took any. He and his companions got lost traversing the Libyan Desert and went through the horrors of nearly dying of hunger and thirst because they failed to take the ordinary stupid precautions. You buy local large-scale maps for twenty cents; you buy a ten-cent-store compass; you let somebody know the route you intend to follow, and the times within a margin of two or three days when you expect to arrive at or pass places. The deserts are now networks of wire and wireless gossip. Also in addition to the food and water for your normal traverse you buy a gunny sack filled with a bushel of dates for fifty cents and dump it on the floor with your tools or tie it on the running board where it gets full of sand. You buy an old keg or get gasoline tins or anything and lug at least fifty pounds of extra water, which you usually dump out with foul oaths at the end of the journey. If you get lost for ten days you eat and drink, and long before the ten days are up, since you told somebody where you were going, the authorities, the desert police, or the tribes, or all three, know you are lost and come and find you. You do this no matter who you are. The Arabs do it. If the French catch you starting without doing it, they put you in jail.

Holmboe was a young University Dane, writer for important Copenhagen periodicals, speaking Arabic and dressed in Arab costume. The Italians kicked him about and handcuffed him and made him sleep in vomit because he hadn't taken the dull precaution of putting in his wallet a couple of pieces of paper signed by the right people before he ever left Copenhagen. The Italians would have deported him anyway but would not have kicked him around. The book is a superb indictment of the brutal way the Italians treat natives, but everybody knew that anyway.

He never takes any of the stupid routine precautions anywhere and the wonder is not that he got himself casually killed soon afterwards in Arabia, but that he ever survived this African journey. He has written a fine book, and he was an appealing and brilliant young man. I am not scolding a dead man. I feel more like putting a flower on his grave.

WILLIAM SEABROOK.

New Books: A Reader's List

FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET, by William Allen White (Farrar and Rinehart; $3). Another book of selections from William Allen White's editorials in The Emporia Gazette, skillfully and sympathetically classified and described by Russell H. Fitzgibbon. Better than the earlier volume, which it partially duplicates. As before, a feature of the book is the inclusion of many of Mr. White's bad guesses, accompanied by footnotes in which he honestly, and indeed almost masochistically, emphasizes their badness.

BANNER AT DAYBREAK, by Edwin Lanham (Longmans, Green; $2.50). The story of the difficult time a young American painter and his wife have in adjusting themselves to the marital and economic problems of France, Manhattan and Texas. A long novel, with rather slapdash characterization.

PEOPLE ON THE EARTH, by Edwin Corle (Random House; $2). A Navajo boy is rescued from the influenza sweeping his reservation, educated to live in the white man's world. But life as an outcast from both worlds is nothing but trouble and doubt; he returns finally to his own people. Good Arizona landscape; sensitive and valuable study of Indian life and problems; not very skillful fiction.

SON OF HAN, by Richard LaPiere (Harper and Brothers; $2.50). The three-generation striving of the Han family to become scholars of the First Order. A struggle between ritual and ambition in China just before West-

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ern penetration began, in which the ceremonial and duties prescribed by the Classics don't leave enough time for their required study. Careful and sincere, but still Western, writing.

THE SCANDALS OF CLOCHEMERLE, by Gabriel Chavallier (Simon and Schuster; $2.50). Burlesque civil war in a French provincial town over the installation of a public comfort station for gentlemen only (note Parisian landmarks), involving the life histories of most of the inhabitants, none very edifying—the men are respectable rascals all, and every woman who isn't too ugly to be seduced *is*. Rabelaisian in intent, but not in execution.

THE TRAMP AND HIS WOMAN, by Dorothy Charques (Macmillan; $2.50). A story about a tramp, his woman and her daughter, and life on the road. The daughter loves the tramp, who loves her mother—who loves him but doesn't find it out until after she has married a prosperous farmer. The writing is cold, and effective in creating the atmosphere of futility with which the author wishes to surround her characters.

MINE IS THE KINGDOM, by James Oliver (Lippincott; $2.50). The devious career of James, the son of Mary Stuart who became James I of England. A vivid and many-sided picture of Scotland, its merchants, nobles, kirk and throne, during the violent years of struggle between lords and church and throne, when the ministers had unwavering convictions and James had none at all. As historical biography, somewhat weakened by imaginative excursions into the minds of the principal characters.

Contributors

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